

Philip José Farmer's *The Grand Adventure* previewed!



HEAVY METAL

\$2.50

Feb. 1985

The adult
illustrated
fantasy
magazine



Interview with
Video/Violence Director
Russell Mulcahy



HEAVY

\$2.50

Feb. 1985

The adult
illustrated
fantasy
magazine



KANAREK

Interview with
Video/Movie Director
Russell Mulcahy



0

BRING HEAVY METAL HOME WITH YOU

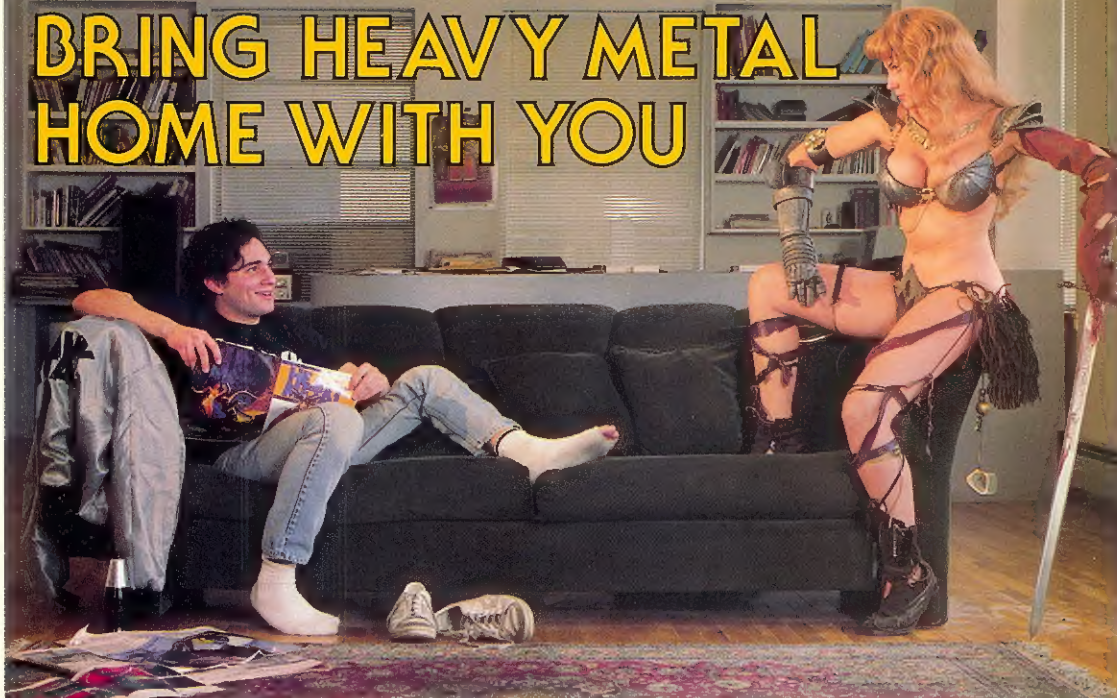


Photo: John Duke Kisch

Andrew B. needed some **magic** in his life. Something **unexpected**, even **supernatural**. He walked the streets until he wore holes in his socks. He hit the music clubs. He went to the movies. He read books. He played video games. But he needed something more.

One day he visited his local newsstand and picked up a copy of **Heavy Metal**, the adult illustrated fantasy magazine. He went home, opened a beer, and lay back to read. Before he could say, "Wow, the greatest American and European artists collected in one monthly issue! And the **Dossier** section, with the latest updates on **pop culture**! Plus interviews with **Tim Leary**, **Francis Coppola**, and others!", an incredibly lovely Amazon goddess appeared at the foot of his couch! What happened **afterwards** would be an invasion of Andrew B.'s privacy, but use your **imagination**...

As you can see, Andrew B.'s life has changed for the better. Would anyone believe him if they knew what happened? Why don't **you** bring **Heavy Metal** home with you? Who knows? Something **magical** and **exciting** and **interesting** and **beautiful** could happen to **you**!

Since April 1984 a one-year subscription to **Heavy Metal** has been \$17.00, a two-year subscription \$27.00, and a three-year subscription \$36.00. Now for **ninety days only** we are lowering the rate to \$14.00 (one year) \$22.00 (two years), and \$29.00 (three years). Savings of \$3.00, \$5.00, and \$7.00 respectively. Why are we being such giving people? Because when we lower the price like this we get more subscribers. It works every time. But we definitely will be going back to the reborn price in March, because we're not *that* terrific. So subscribe now—and save!

Heavy Metal, Dept. 285
635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

Please enter my **Heavy Metal** subscription for
_____ 3 years _____ 2 years _____ 1 year.

One year (12 issues), regular subscription price \$17.00. Now only \$14.00
Two years (24 issues), regular subscription price \$27.00. Now only \$22.00
Three years (36 issues), regular subscription price \$36.00. Now only \$29.00

Payment enclosed \$_____

Charge to my

MasterCard# _____ MasterCard Interbank# _____

Visa# _____ Expiration Date _____

Signature _____

Name (please print) _____

Mailing address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Checks must be payable within the U.S. Add \$5.00 per year for Canada, Mexico, and other foreign countries.

HEAVY METAL

If you do not wish to cut out the coupon in this ad, but do wish to order, please print or type all necessary information and enclose it with your check or money order.

YOURS FREE WITH MEMBERSHIP

The DRAGONRIDERS of PERN

One mammoth edition including all 3 novels:
Dragonflight, *Dragonquest*, and *The White Dragon*
plus free carryall!

the **DRAGONRIDERS** of **PERN** by ANNE McCAFFREY

\$26.85 in Combined Publishers' Editions

DEMON John Varley * 1164 Spec. ed.	The Elites of Shanara Terry Brooks 7328 Pub. ed. \$15.95	DARK FORCES Robert R. McCall * 9597 Pub. ed. \$16.95	The Integral Trees Larry Niven 1180 Pub. ed. \$14.95	THE BOOK OF LOST TALES J.R.R. Tolkien 1362 Pub. ed. \$14.95	City of Sorcery Marion Zimmer Bradley 1404 Spec. ed.	Heechee Rendezvous Frederik Pohl 1271 Pub. ed. \$14.95	THE NORTHERN KING'S ADVERSARY John R. King * 1149 Comb. pub. ed. \$33.90	WEST OF 80 Harry Harrison 1339 Pub. ed. \$15.95
---	---	---	---	--	---	---	---	--

ACROSS THE SEA OF SUNS Gregory Benford 1388 Pub. ed. \$15.95	FUZZIES Neil Gaiman and Michael Piner 1347 Spec. ed.	MICHAEL CONLEY Michael Conley 1263 Pub. ed. \$15.95	ANNE McCAFFREY MORE Anne McCaffrey 0935 Pub. ed. \$14.95	THE HARPER HALL OF PERN Anne McCaffrey 0992 Dragonsong; Dragonriders; Comb. pub. ed. \$38.85	Isaac ASIMOV The Foundation Trilogy Isaac Asimov 6221 Foundation; Foundation and Empire; Second Foundation. Pub. ed. \$17.95	MICHAEL MOORECK THE ELRIC SAGA Part I Michael Mooreck 0752 Elric of Melniboné; The Sailor on the Seas of Fate; The Weird of the White Wolf. Spec. ed.	THE ELRIC SAGA Part II Michael Mooreck 1172 The Vanishing Tower; The Bane of the Black Sword; Stormbringer. Spec. ed.	CROSS-CURRENTS Robert Lynn Asin and Lynn Abbey 1354 Storm Season; The Face of Chaos; Wings of Omen. Spec. ed.
---	---	--	---	---	---	--	--	--

Ware Hawk Andre Norton 1073 Pub. ed. \$11.95	MY ENEMY, MY ALLY Dale Bailey * 1289 Spec. ed.	The Shattered World Michael Reaves 1305 Pub. ed. \$16.95	THE 1984 ANNUAL WORLDS BEST Various Authors 1181 Spec. ed.
---	---	---	---

THE CHRONICLES OF AMBER Roger Zelazny 0075 All 5 Amber novels. 2 vols. Comb. pub. ed. \$32.30	THE WAR AGAINST THE CITIZEN-INVASION David Gerrold 1248 A Matter for Men; A Day for Damnation. Comb. pub. ed. \$33.90	FRED SABERHAGEN David Gerrold 1420 Includes the First, Second, and Third Books. Spec. ed.	MYTH ADVENTURES Robert Lynn Asin 0943 Another Fine Myth; Myth Conceptions; Myth Directions; Hit or Myth. Spec. ed.
--	--	--	---

TAKE ANY 4 FOR \$1 WITH MEMBERSHIP

and get *The Dragonriders of Pern* FREE plus a FREE carryall!



Note: Prices shown are publishers' edition prices.
* Explicit scenes and/or language may be alluded to some.
† Copyright © 1984 by Paramount Pictures Corp. All Rights Reserved.

Science Fiction Book Club®

Dept. RR-586 Garden City, NY 11530

I want the best SF in or out of this world! Please accept my application for membership in the Science Fiction Book Club. Send me the 4 books I have numbered in the boxes below, plus my free book and carryall and bill me just \$1 (plus shipping and handling). I agree to the Club Plan as described in this ad. I will take 4 more books at regular low Club prices in the coming year and may resign any time thereafter. The FREE book and carryall will be mine to keep whether or not I remain a member. SFBC offers serious works for mature readers.

FREE BOOK #2543	1.	2.	3.	4.
-----------------	----	----	----	----

Mr. _____
Ms. _____
(Please print)
Address _____ Apt. # _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

If under 18, parent must sign _____
The Science Fiction Book Club offers its own complete hardbound editions sometimes altered in size to fit special presses and save you even more. Members accepted in U.S.A. and Canada only. Canadian members will be serviced from Canada. Offer slightly different in Canada.

85-S230F

How the Science Fiction Book Club® works:

You'll receive your choice of any 4 books on this page for only \$1 (plus shipping and handling) and a free copy of *The Dragonriders of Pern* and a free carryall after your application for membership is accepted. We reserve the right to reject any application. However, once accepted as a member, you may examine the books in your home and, if not completely satisfied, return them within 10 days at Club expense. Your membership will be cancelled and you'll owe nothing. The FREE book and carryall will be yours to keep whether or not you remain a member.

About every 4 weeks (14 times a year), we'll send you the Club's bulletin, *Things to Come*, describing the 2 coming Selections and a variety of Alternate choices. In addition, up to 4 times a year you may receive offers of special Selections, always at low Club prices. If you want the 2 Selections, you need do nothing; they'll be

shipped automatically. If you don't want a Selection, prefer an Alternate, or no book at all, just fill out the convenient form always provided and return it to us by the date specified.

We allow you at least 10 days for making your decision. If you do not receive the form in time to respond within 10 days and receive an unwanted Selection, you may return it at our expense.

As a member you need take only 4 Selections or Alternates during the coming year. You may resign any time thereafter or continue to enjoy Club benefits for as long as you wish. One of the 2 Selections each month is only \$4.98. Other Selections are higher, but always much less than hardcover publishers' editions—up to 65% off. The Club offers more than 300 books to choose from. A shipping and handling charge is added to all shipments. Send no money now, but do mail the coupon today!

HEAVY METAL MAGAZINE (UPS 379-970): "Heavy Metal" is a trademark of HM Communications, Inc., © 1985 HM Communications, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. All rights reserved. Nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. Any similarity to real people and places in fiction and semifiction is purely coincidental. **EDITORIAL INFORMATION:** Publisher assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material. Return postage must accompany submissions; otherwise, return of artwork is not guaranteed. **SUBSCRIPTIONS:** Published monthly by HM Communications, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. \$23.00 paid annual subscription, \$40.00 paid two-year subscription, and \$48.00 paid three-year subscription in territorial U.S. Add \$5.00 per year for Canada, Mexico, and other foreign countries. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices. **CHANGE OF ADDRESS:** Subscriber, please send change of address to Circulation Director, *Heavy Metal Magazine*, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Allow six weeks for change. **POSTMASTER:** Please send address changes to Circulation Director, *Heavy Metal Magazine*, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. **ADVERTISING OFFICES:** *New York Office:* The Patis Group, 1 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016, (212) 686-5400, Rick Edman, *Midwest Office:* The Guenther Company, River Plaza, Suite 4509, 405 N. Wabash, Chicago, Ill. 60611, (312) 670-6800, Joseph Guenther, *West Coast Office:* The Patis Group, 1800 N. Highland Avenue, Hollywood Calif. 90028, (213) 462-2700, Hutch Looney, *Southern Office:* Brown & Company, 5110 Roswell Road, Marietta, Ga. 30062, (404) 998-2889, Byron Brown, **HM COMMUNICATIONS** is a subsidiary of National Lampoon, Inc. Chairman and President: Matty Simmons; Chairman of the Executive Committee: Leonard Mogel; Sr. Vice-President: George Agolia, Sr.; Vice-President, Subscriptions and Product Sales: Howard Jurofsky; Controller: Walter Garibaldi.

CONT

FEBRUARY 1985

VOL. VIII, NO. 11

STAFF

Editor-in-Chief
Julie Simmons-Lynch
Managing Editor
Steven Maloff
Associate Editor
Lou Stathis

Design Director
Peter Kleinman
Art Director
Michael Renchivich
Associate Art Director
Arthur Levy
Lettering Designer
Adam Kubert

Production Director
Howard Jurofsky
Circulation Director
George Agolia
Foreign Rights Manager
Michela Nonis

Editorial Director and Publisher
Leonard Mogel

- | | |
|--|--|
| 5 HM's HOLLYWOOD HELL,
by Drew Friedman | 56 CHAIN MAIL |
| 7 WALLS OF SAMARIS,
by Benoit Peeters. Illustrated by
Schuiten | 57 TRITON,
by Daniel Torres |
| 20 THE HUNTING PARTY,
by P. Christin. Illustrated by
Enki Bilal | 65 ALBINOS,
by Beb Deum |
| 28 AN AUTHOR IN SEARCH OF
SIX CHARACTERS,
by Milo Manara | 71 IT'S NOT A BAD LIFE,
by J.D. King |
| 38 GALLERY:
Philip José Farmer's <i>The Grand
Adventure</i> | 74 TEX ARCANA,
by John Findley |
| 41 DOSSIER,
edited by Lou Stathis | 80 MATTER OF TIME:
CHRONOLOGY,
by Juan Gimenez |
| 51 INTERVIEW:
Russell Mulcahy | 90 COMING |
| | 90 THE BUS,
by Paul Kirchner |
| | 91 EL BORBAH,
by Charles Burns |

EVENTS

Cover,
by Michael Kanarek

Back cover,
by Montxo Algora

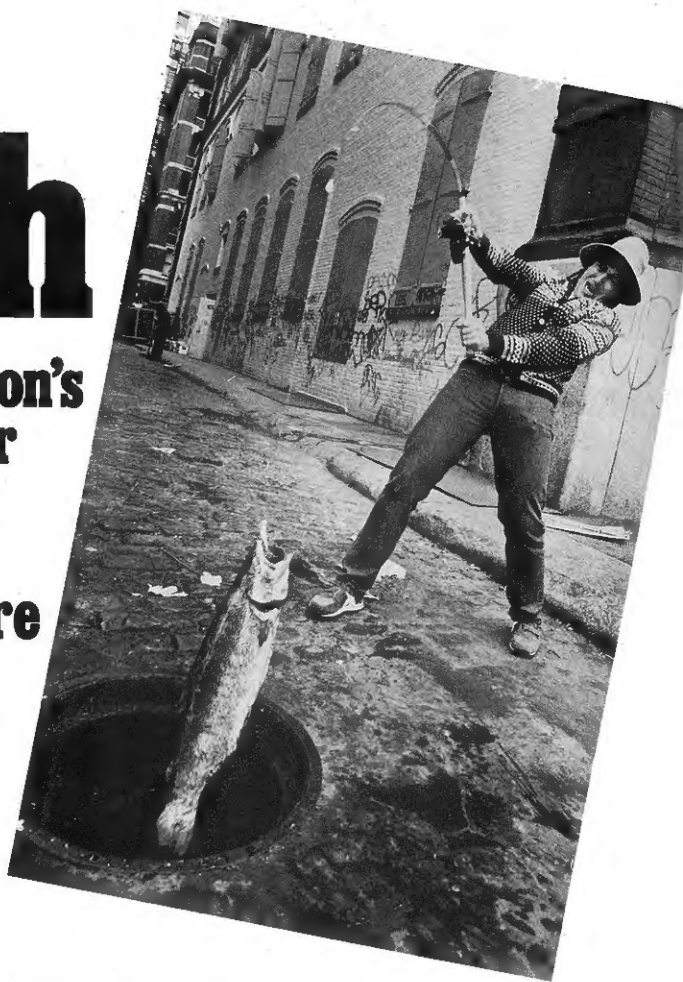
For interview with **Russell Mulcahy** see page 51.



"Walls of Samaria," by Peeters and Schuiten and "An Author in Search of Six Characters," by Manara © Easternman Editions. All rights reserved.
"Albino," by Bob Deum & Michel Harbon. Published with permission.
"The Hunting Party," by Chrystin and Bial © Dargaud Editions. All rights reserved. All other copyrights are held by individual artists, agents, and/or representatives.

Catch

**National Lampoon's
"Misguided Tour
of New York" in
February!
(And while you're
at it, reel in
the rest of 1985)**



It's the second of twelve great issues to be published by the *National Lampoon* in 1985.

The *National Lampoon's "Misguided Tour of New York"*—everything you never wanted to know about New York, but were afraid of, is here, in the ultimate, state-of-the-art parody of New York guidebooks.

You'll learn about the wild salmon of Soho, where to find the only heterosexual bar in Greenwich Village, and where Michael Jackson puts on a disguise and actually performs on the streets. It's all here, from the Museum of the American Mafia to Little Cambodia to The Anchovy District.

The *National Lampoon's "Misguided Tour of New York"* is a lavishly illustrated guide that takes you through every area of Manhattan and beyond, with special features such as walking tours (a Thirty-Second Walking Tour of the South Bronx); special tourist attractions (Buried Treasure in Rockefeller Center); special districts (the Dreg Culture of the Lower East Side); plus festivals, street life, restaurants, bars, theaters, maps, survival tips, and attractions for the kiddies.

The *National Lampoon's "Misguided Tour of New York"*—at newsstands and bookstores in January, or subscribe now and save!

Sirs:

Yeah, yeah, a New York parody issue. I'd be a chump not to want to possess it. And then the rest of this year's special issues—the great 15th Anniversary issue, the International Humor issue—yeah, I got to subscribe. That's the ticket, yeah. So send me:

- ☐ **One year** of *National Lampoon* at \$9.95 (save \$14.05 over newsstand price and \$2.00 over subscription price).
- ☐ **Two years** of *National Lampoon* at \$13.75 (save \$34.25 over newsstand price and \$4.20 over subscription price).
- ☐ **Three years** of *National Lampoon* at \$18.50 (save \$53.50 over newsstand price and \$6.45 over subscription price).

Send check or money order to *National Lampoon*, Dept. HM285, 635 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. Add \$5.00 per year for Canada, Mexico, and other foreign lands. All checks must be in U.S. funds.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

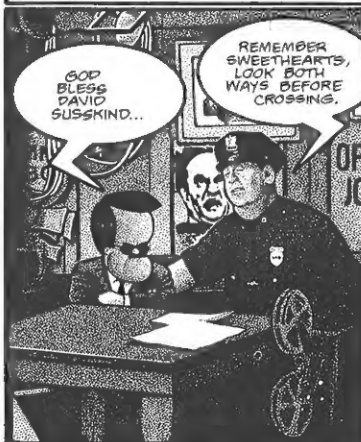
For ultra-fast service, call toll-free 1-800-331-1730. Ask for Operator #31.

THE LORD OF ELTINGVILLE HIS LIFE AND TIMES

THE LORD OF ELTINGVILLE PAUSES TO REFLECT ON HIS FANTASTIC LIFE AND TIMES.



1962: LATE MORNING TAPING AS GUEST WITH OFFICER JOE BOLTON.



EARLY AFTERNOON INTERRELATIONSHIP AT THE ST. MORITZ HOTEL.



LATE AFTERNOON TAPING OF DAVID SUSSKIND'S OPEN END.



BY EARLY EVENING, THE LORD OF ELTINGVILLE IS IN VEGAS, READY TO RUN WITH THE RAT PACK.



IT WAS A FABULOUS DAY, LIKE ANY DAY IN THE LIFE OF THE LORD OF ELTINGVILLE.



END



BOOK SHELF



ULYSSES
Cover price—\$6.95
Special now—\$3.50!
Art and text by Lob and Pichard. The brave Ulysses pits his strength against gods and goddesses as he travels across the universe.



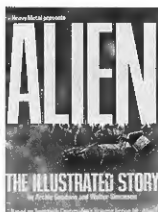
BARBARELLA THE MOON CHILD
Cover price—\$6.95
Special now—\$2.95!
The first feminine fantasy figure returns to challenge the universe. Drawn by originator Jean-Claude Forest, the book also includes action stills from the film *Barbarella* starring Jane Fonda.



EVEN HEAVIER METAL
Cover price—\$2.95
Special now—\$1.95!
All new stories of sexy Egyptians, primeval creatures, and weird worlds. A wild collection!



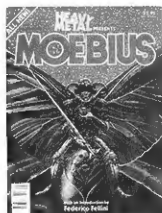
MORE THAN HUMAN
Cover price—\$3.95
Special now—\$3.95!
Theodore Sturgeon's sf classic, now in bold graphic style, deals with the formation of a superhuman by the synthesis of six different and complex personalities.



ALIEN: THE ILLUSTRATED STORY
Cover price—\$3.95
Special now—\$1.95!
By Walter Simonson and Archie Goodwin. Based on the Twentieth Century-Fox hit, the crew of the *Nostromo* grapples with a terrifying life force they can't leash or comprehend—the Alien!



PSYCHOROCK
Cover price—\$3.95
Special Now—\$1.95
Five stories by Sergio Maccedo that have made him a true cult figure among the cognoscenti of weird aliens and punk rock.



MOEBIUS
Cover price—\$2.95
Special now—\$1.95!
Introduction by Federico Fellini. The career of Europe's premiere illustrator is examined; everything from "The Black Inca" to movie posters to his summer vacation to soft porn. The compendium of his work to date.



LONE SLOANE—DELIRIUS
Cover price—\$8.95
Special now—\$4.95!
The lush painting of Philippe Drulillet, with text by Lob and lettering by Dominique Amat. Lone Sloane's adventures through time and space and the fantastic world of Delirius are presented for the first time in English, in full color.



THE BEST OF HEAVY METAL
Cover price—\$2.95
Special now—\$1.95!
Thirteen extraordinary stories from the international masters of graphic fantasy. Moebius, Drulillet, Caza, Claveloux, and McKie Cavori with Americans Corben and Suydam.



SON OF HEAVY METAL
Cover price—\$3.50
Special now—\$2.50!
One hundred pages of wonders by fourteen master artists.



THE ART OF HEAVY METAL
Special price—\$6.95!
Behind the scenes of the greatest animated adventure of all time.

Heavy Metal, Dept. 285, 635 Madison Avenue, NYC, NY 10022

Please send me the Heavy Metal books as indicated below. I have enclosed a check or money order payable to Heavy Metal books. I have included 75¢ for postage and handling of each book.

Ulysses _____ copies at \$3.50 each
Psychorock _____ copies at \$1.95 each
Even Heavier Metal _____ copies at \$1.95 each
More Than Human _____ copies at \$3.95 each
Alien: The Illustrated Story _____ copies at \$1.95 each

Total amount enclosed: \$ _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

Barbarella the Moon Child _____ copies at \$2.95 each
Moebius _____ copies at \$1.95 each
Lone Sloane-Delirius _____ copies at \$4.95 each
The Best of Heavy Metal _____ copies at \$1.95 each
Son of Heavy Metal _____ copies at \$2.50 each
The Art of Heavy Metal _____ copies at \$6.95 each

(New York State residents, please add applicable sales tax.)

If you do not wish to cut out the coupon in this ad, but do wish to order, please print or type all necessary information and enclose it with your check or money order.

I RESUMED MY INVESTIGATION. THE DAYS KEPT REPEATING THEMSELVES, WITH THE SAME ENDLESS WALKS. .

THE WALLS OF SAMARIS

by Schutes

PAZ IS NOW SETTLED IN SAMARIS READY TO CONTINUE HIS SECRET MISSION

THE SAME CONVERSATIONS, AND THAT ALL PERVADING FEELING OF UNEASINESS. I KEPT ASKING MYSELF THE SAME QUESTIONS, UNTIL THEY BECAME AN OBSESSION.

WHY WERE THERE NO CHILDREN IN SAMARIS? WHY WERE THERE SO MANY WALLED UP DOORS?

WHY WAS THERE ALWAYS A WALL BEHIND THE SHUTTERS I OPENED?

SOMETIMES I WOULD BECOME CONVINCED-- AND LATER REALIZE THE ABSURDITY-- THAT THIS MYSTERIOUS CITY HAD BEEN BUILT ONLY TO TRAP THE UNSUSPECTING TRAVELER. A PERVERSE ARCHITECTURE, BUILT TO CONFUSE THOSE WHO DARED TO ENTER.

I QUICKLY TRIED TO SHAKE OFF THESE ABSURD AND DANGEROUS THOUGHTS



ALL THIS HAD LASTED MUCH TOO LONG ..



I WAS SLOWLY LOSING ALL MY STRENGTH, AND BECOMING PREY TO A STUPOR WHICH I COULDN'T SHAKE OFF AT FIRST, I THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE THE CLIMATE

I BEGAN TO LOOK AND ACT LIKE ALL THE OTHER INHABITANTS OF SAMARIS: I BECAME A LETHARGIC WANDERER EXPLORING THE SAME LITTLE STREETS EVERY DAY.



I CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS.



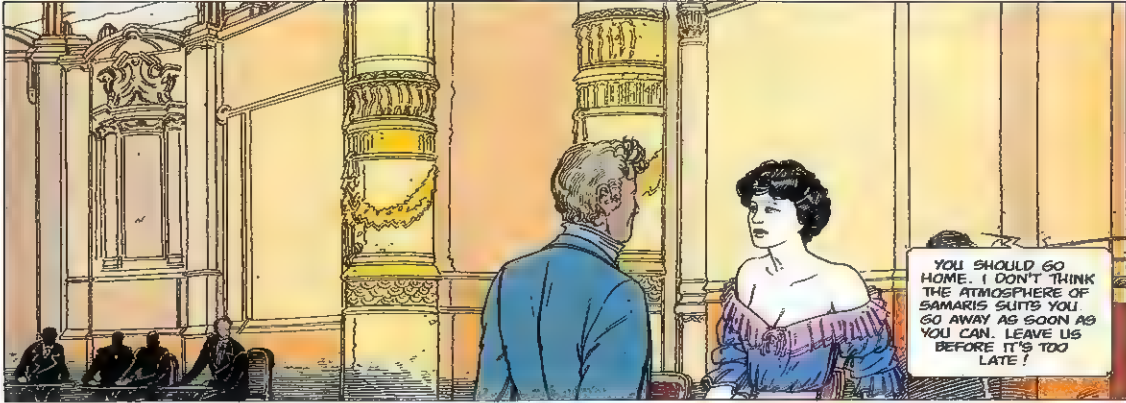
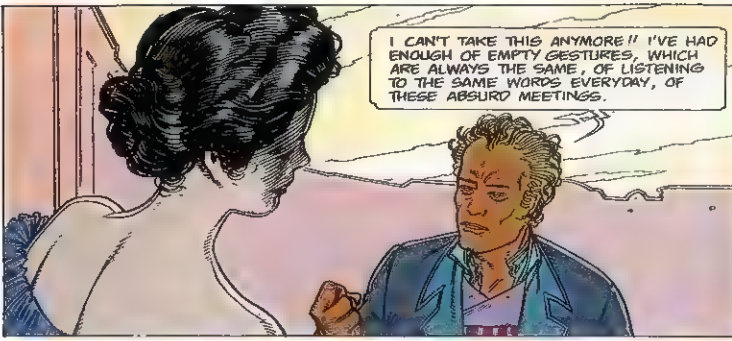
I COULD NOT STAY ON INDEFINITELY .

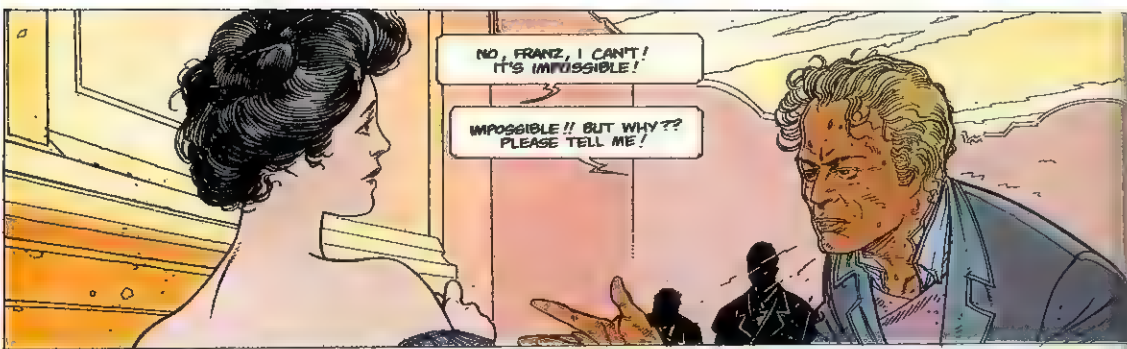


I DECIDED THAT I WOULD TALK TO HER BEFORE I LEFT THE CITY AND THAT I WOULD TRY TO CONVINCE HER TO COME WITH ME.



CARLA, I NEED TO TALK TO YOU.





NO, FRANZ, I CAN'T!
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

IMPOSSIBLE!! BUT WHY??
PLEASE TELL ME!



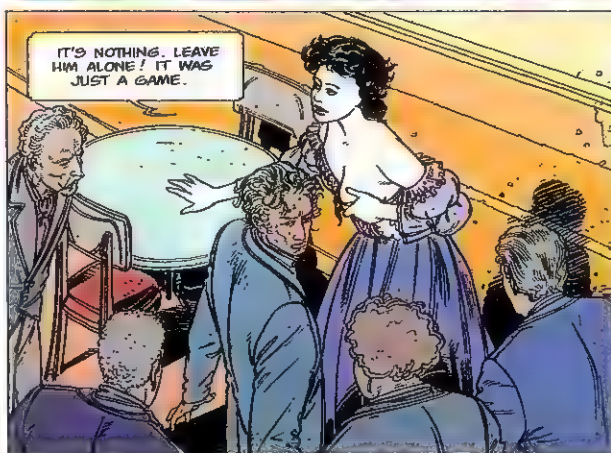
NO!



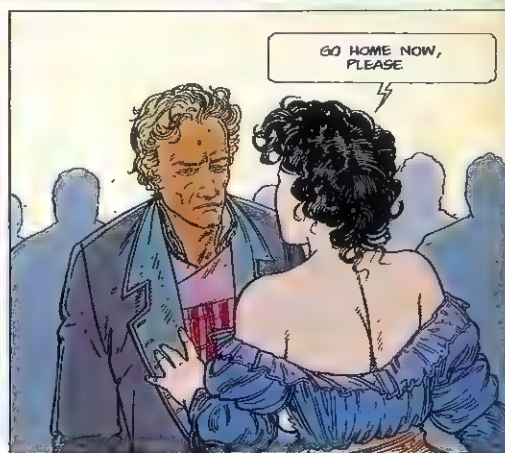
GRR



DON'T
TOUCH
ME!

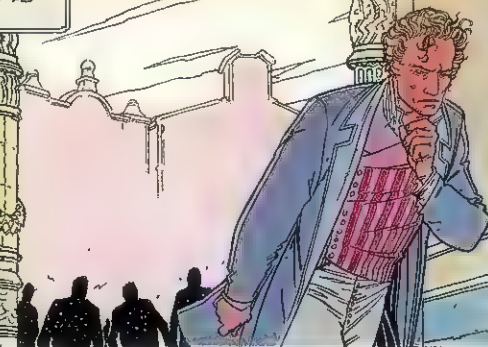


IT'S NOTHING. LEAVE
HIM ALONE! IT WAS
JUST A GAME.



GO HOME NOW,
PLEASE

THAT VIOLENT SCENE ACTED AS
A CATALYST



IT REVEALED TO ME,
SUDDENLY, MORE THAN I
HAD LEARNED DURING
ALL OF THE PRE-
CEDING WEEKS



I DECIDED TO STAY UP ALL NIGHT. MAYBE, IF I STAYED
AWAKE, SAMARIS WOULD REVEAL ITS SECRET.

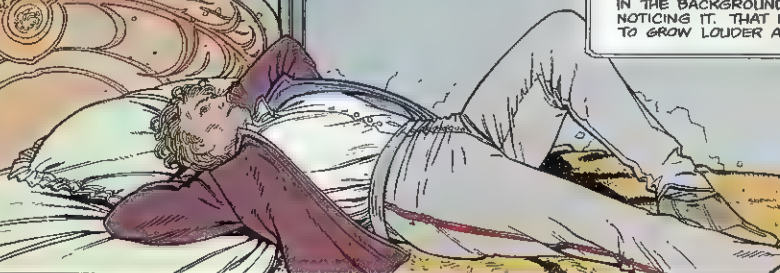


ARE YOU HAVING
DINNER TONIGHT, SIR?

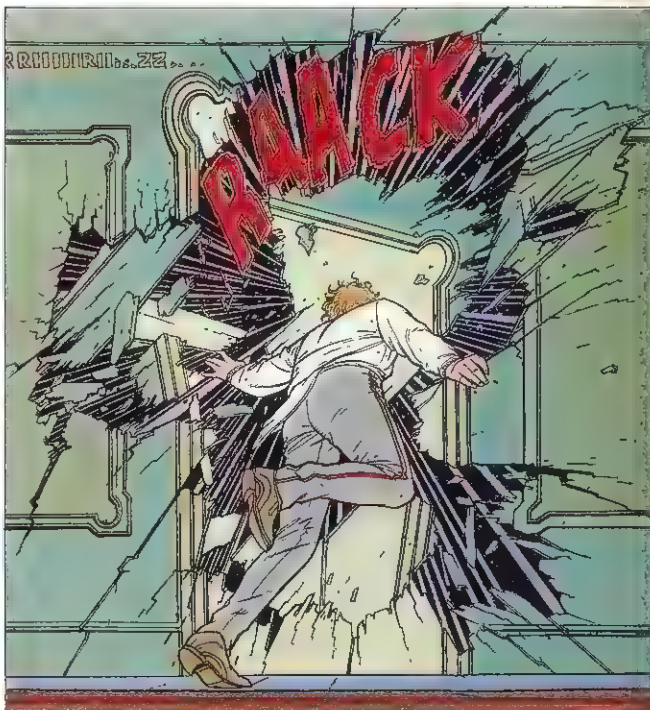
NO, I'M NOT
HUNGRY!



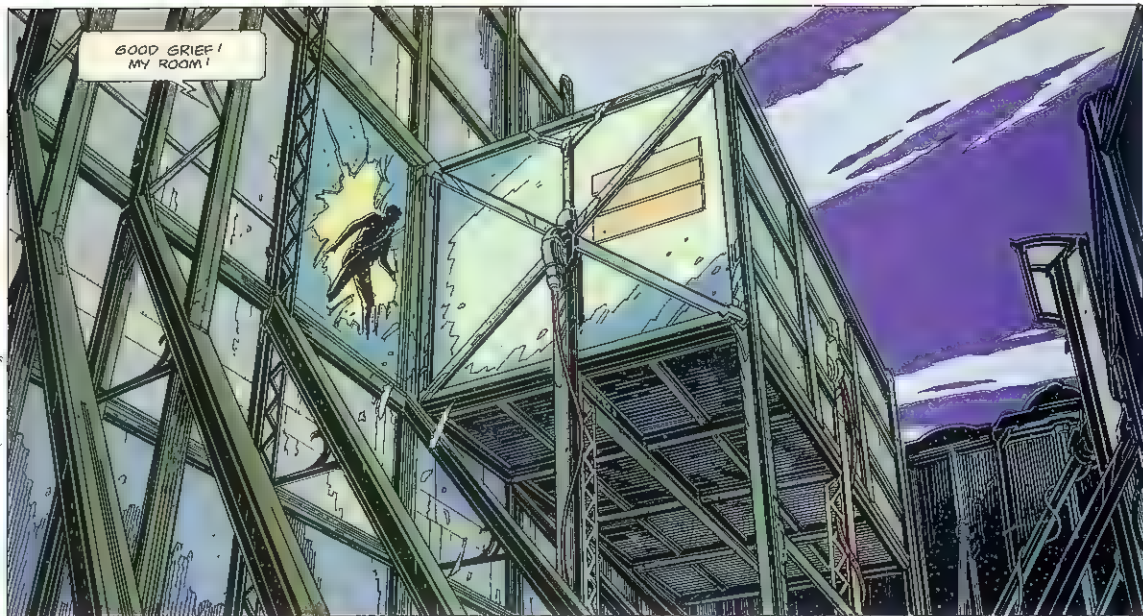
I HAD GROWN SO ACCUSTOMED TO THE NOISE
IN THE BACKGROUND, THAT I HAD STOPPED
NOTICING IT. THAT NIGHT, HOWEVER, IT SEEMED
TO GROW LOUDER AND LOUDER.



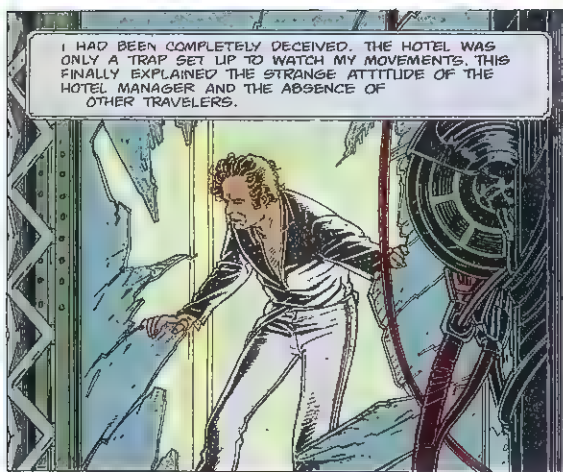
AN ODD MURMUR HAD COME TO INCREASE THE CONTINUOUS HISsing SOUND AND IT ALL SEEMED TO COME FROM A ROOM ON MY SAME FLOOR.

A man with curly brown hair, wearing a white button-down shirt and blue jeans, is sitting on a bed. He is looking down and to his left with a thoughtful or slightly concerned expression. The bed has a large, ornate, light-colored headboard. To the left of the man, there is a small wooden bedside table with a lamp and some books. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

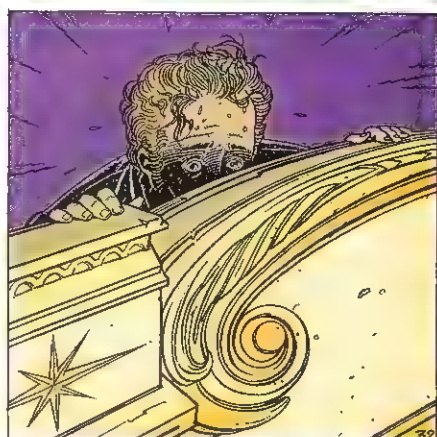
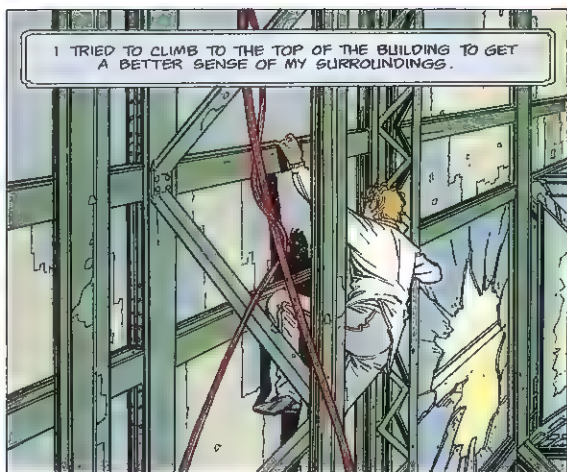
GOOD GRIEF!
MY ROOM!

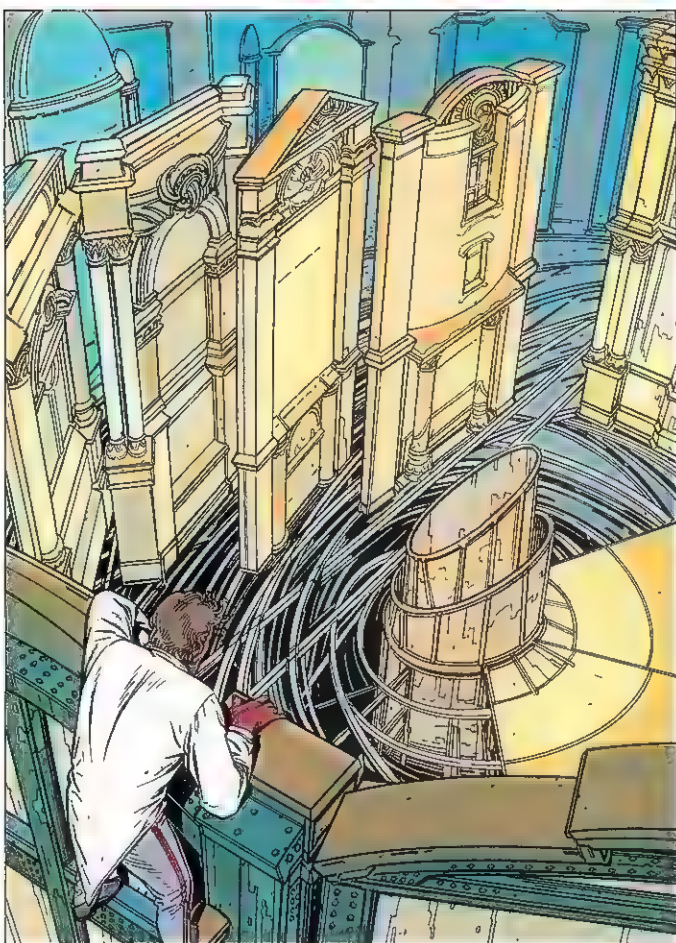


I HAD BEEN COMPLETELY DECEIVED. THE HOTEL WAS ONLY A TRAP SET UP TO WATCH MY MOVEMENTS. THIS FINALLY EXPLAINED THE STRANGE ATTITUDE OF THE HOTEL MANAGER AND THE ABSENCE OF OTHER TRAVELERS.

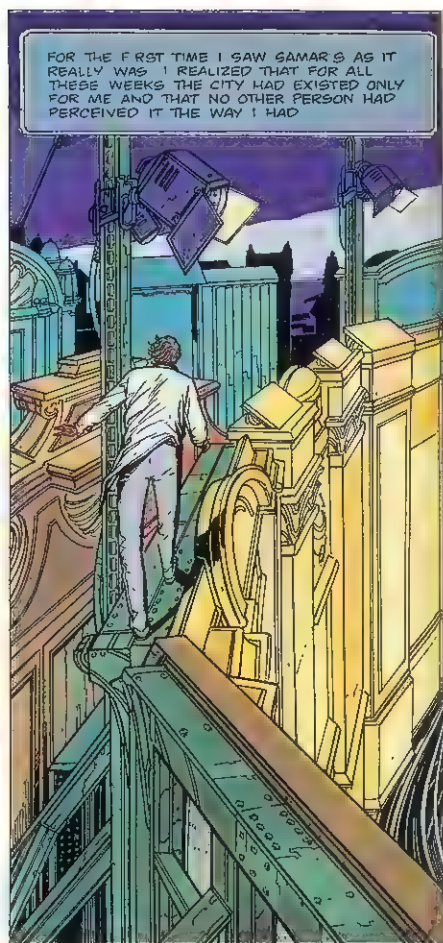


I TRIED TO CLIMB TO THE TOP OF THE BUILDING TO GET A BETTER SENSE OF MY SURROUNDINGS.

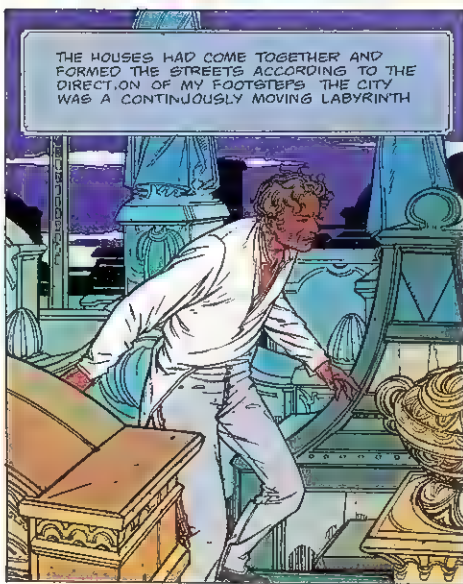




FOR THE FIRST TIME I SAW SAMAR'S AS IT REALLY WAS. I REALIZED THAT FOR ALL THESE WEEKS THE CITY HAD EXISTED ONLY FOR ME AND THAT NO OTHER PERSON HAD PERCEIVED IT THE WAY I HAD.



THE HOUSES HAD COME TOGETHER AND FORMED THE STREETS ACCORDING TO THE DIRECTION OF MY FOOTSTEPS. THE CITY WAS A CONTINUOUSLY MOVING LABYRINTH.

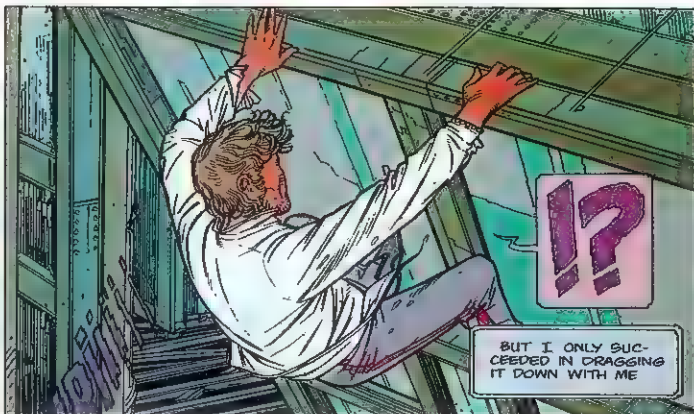


I TRIED TO HANG ON TO ONE OF THE WALLS.

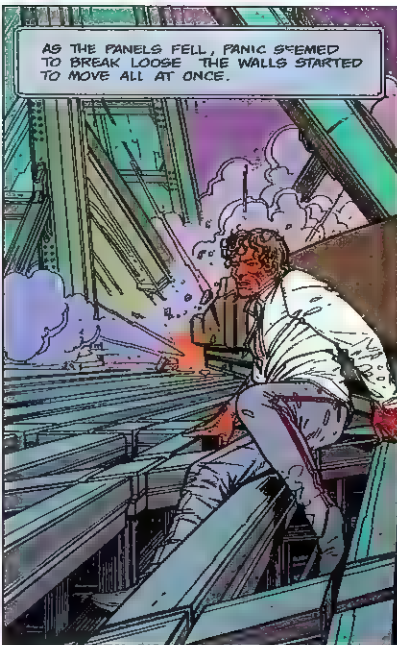


12

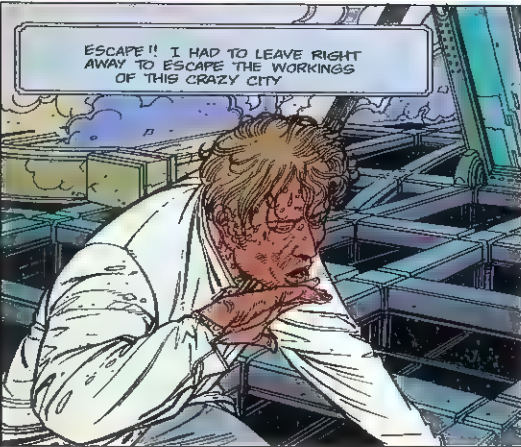
BUT I ONLY SUCCEEDED IN DRAGGING IT DOWN WITH ME

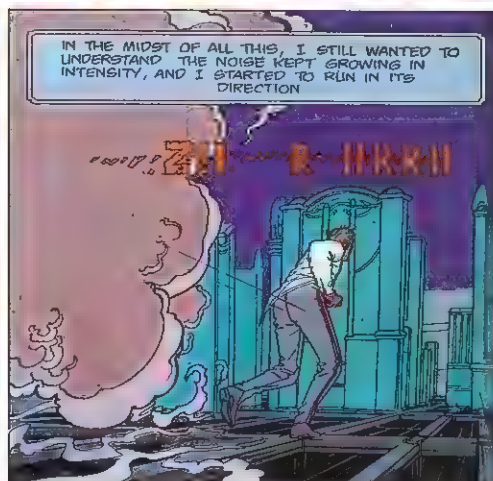
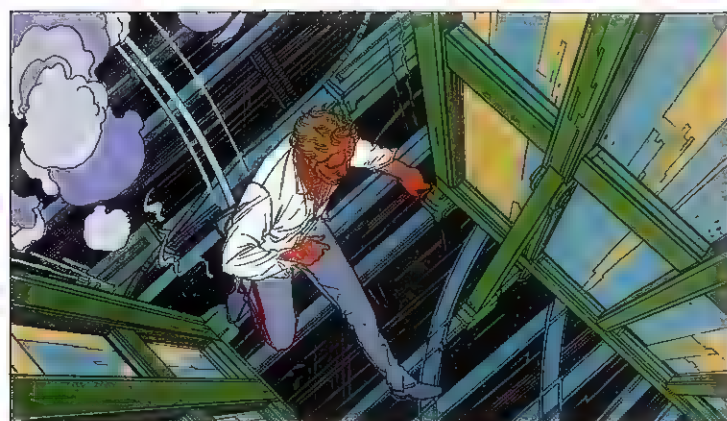


AS THE PANELS FELL, PANIC SEEMED TO BREAK LOOSE THE WALLS STARTED TO MOVE ALL AT ONCE.

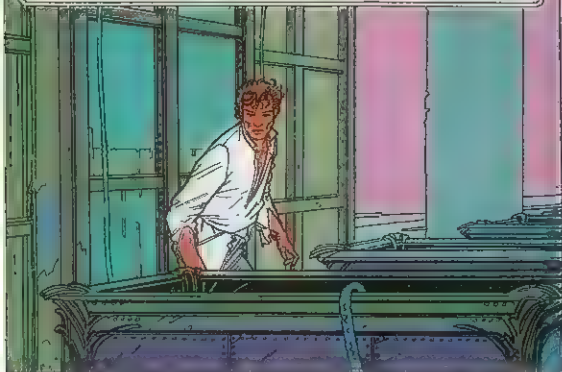


ESCAPE!! I HAD TO LEAVE RIGHT AWAY TO ESCAPE THE WORKINGS OF THIS CRAZY CITY

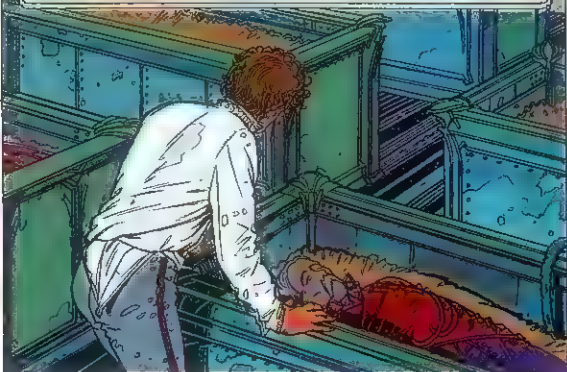




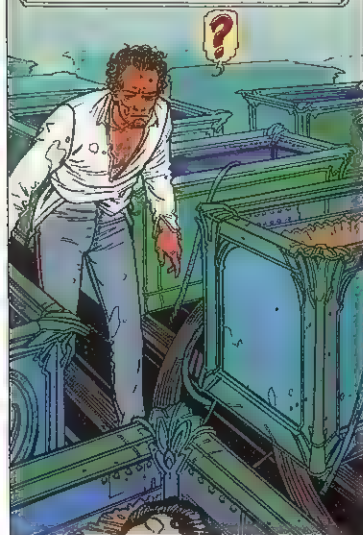
I CAME UPON SOME OF THE PEOPLE WHOM I MET DURING MY STAY. THEY ALSO WERE NOTHING MORE THAN WAX FIGURES.



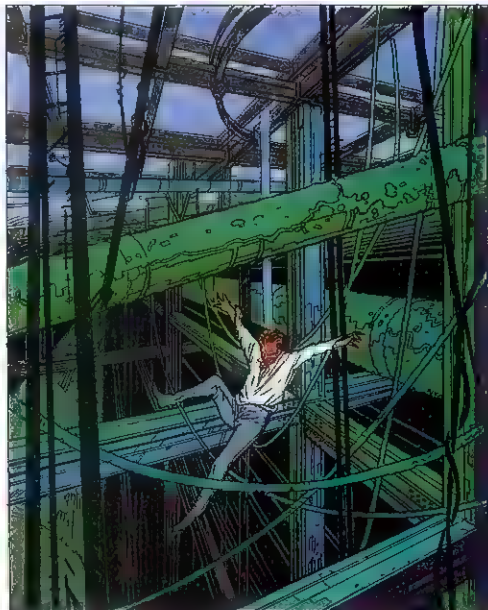
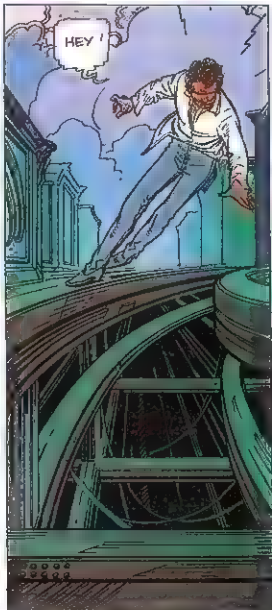
WHERE WERE THE REAL INHABITANTS, THE PEOPLE RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS GENGEELESS PLOT? WHERE WERE THE MASTERS OF SAMARIS ??



I THOUGHT I SAW CARLA IN THE DISTANCE I TRIED TO REACH HER AND STEPPED TOO FAR...



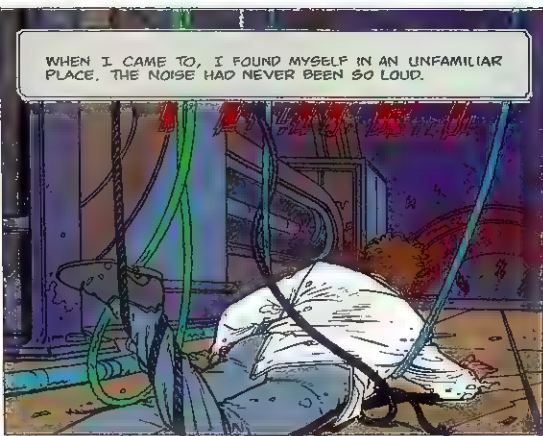
HEY!

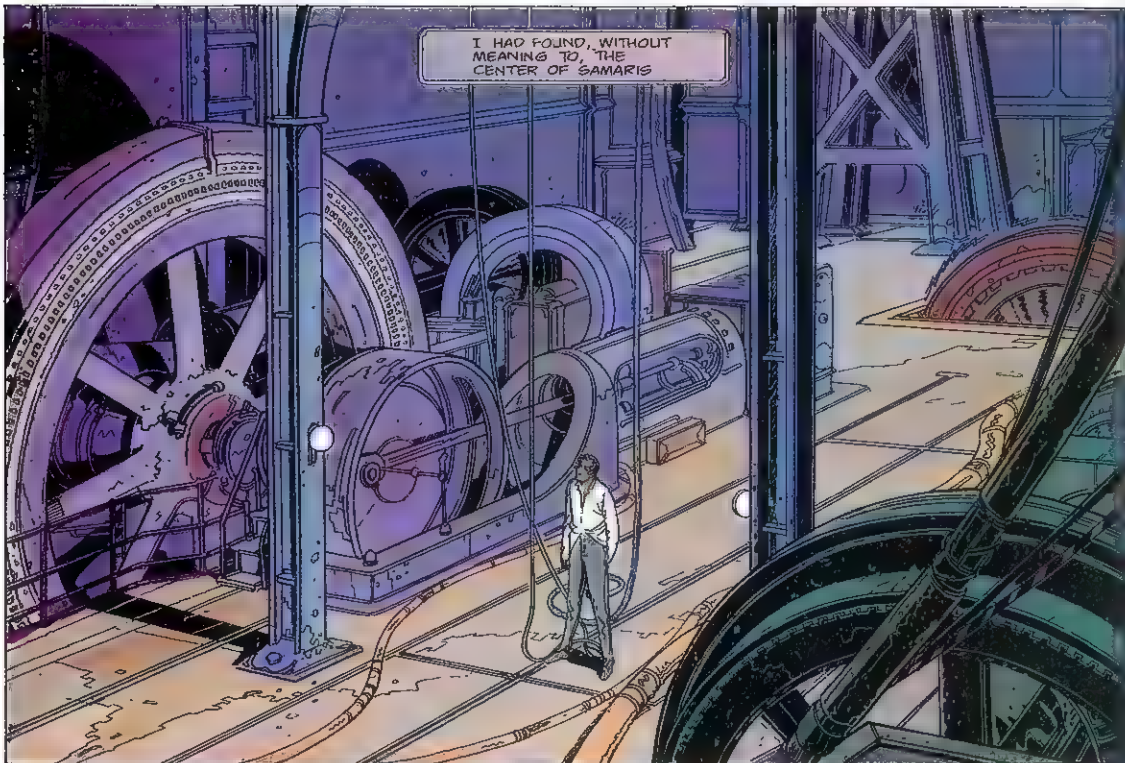


I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG I LAY THERE UNCONSCIOUS

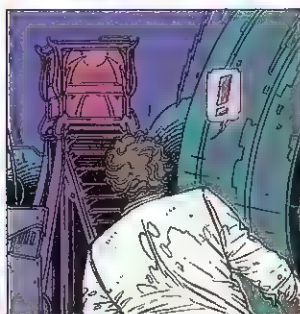
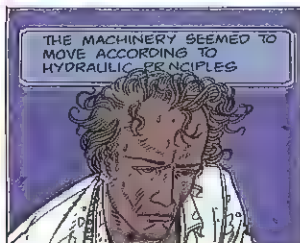
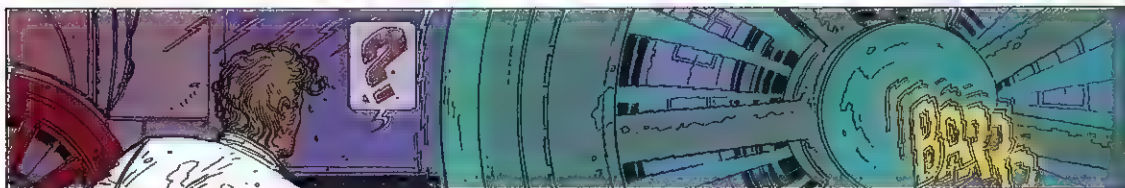


WHEN I CAME TO, I FOUND MYSELF IN AN UNFAMILIAR PLACE. THE NOISE HAD NEVER BEEN SO LOUD.





I HAD FOUND, WITHOUT MEANING TO, THE CENTER OF SAMARIS



THE MACHINERY SEEMED TO MOVE ACCORDING TO HYDRAULIC PRINCIPLES

AT THE VERY END OF THE ROOM I SAW SOMETHING WHICH LOOKED LIKE AN ALTAR. A BOOK LAY ON TOP OF IT

MUTANTS, MONSTER MACHINES, AND 21st CENTURY MANIACS

LIVE IN THE MIND OF PHILIP JOSÉ FARMER

Creator of the fabulous
Riverworld Series. Winner
of the Nebula Award and
every other top science
fiction honor. And one of
the most creative writers
of all time.

AND COME TO LIFE IN

THE GRAND ADVENTURE

Volume 3 in the **MASTERWORKS OF SCIENCE FICTION & FANTASY**
collection, the wildest and weirdest tales imaginable from today's
greatest writers. Featuring

- A sizzling sextet of Farmer's best stories
- The newly revised novel, *The Adventures of the Three Mad Men*,
seen here for the first time
- Plus twenty dazzling plates by some of America's finest artists,
including Robert Gould, Alex Joy, and Michael Kaluta



—THE SENTINEL Arthur C. Clarke
06183-3/\$6.95



Also available in the
MASTERWORKS series
**ARTHUR C. CLARKE'S
THE SENTINEL**
**FRITZ LEIBER'S
THE GHOST LIGHT**

—THE GRAND ADVENTURE
Philip Jose Farmer 07211-8/\$7.95
—THE GHOST LIGHT Fritz Leiber
06812-9/\$7.95

Prices may be slightly higher in Canada



A Byron Press Visual Publications, Inc. Book

Available at your local bookstore or return this form to

Berkeley
Book Mailing Service
P.O. Box 690, Rockville Centre, NY 11571

Please send me the titles checked above. Enclose \$1.00 for shipping and handling. Add \$2.00 for each additional title. Add \$1.00 for each additional title. Add \$1.00 for each additional title.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

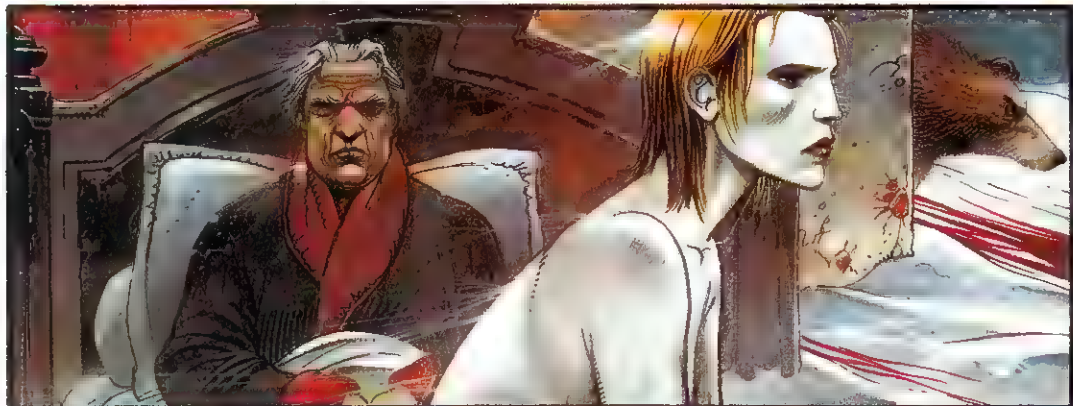
CITY _____

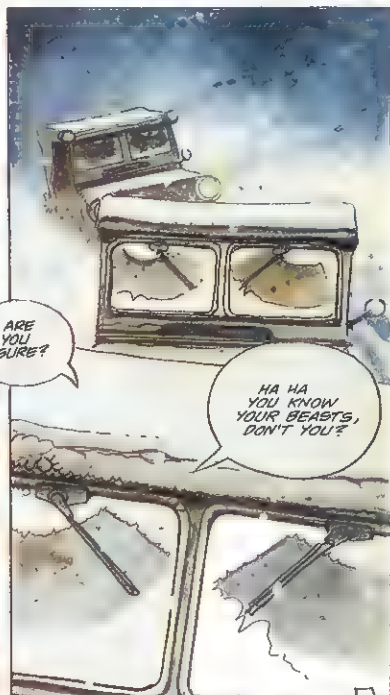
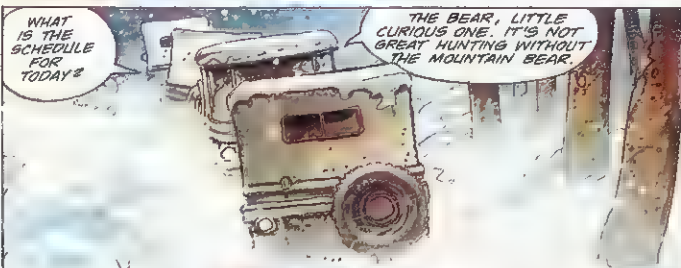
STATE _____ ZIP _____

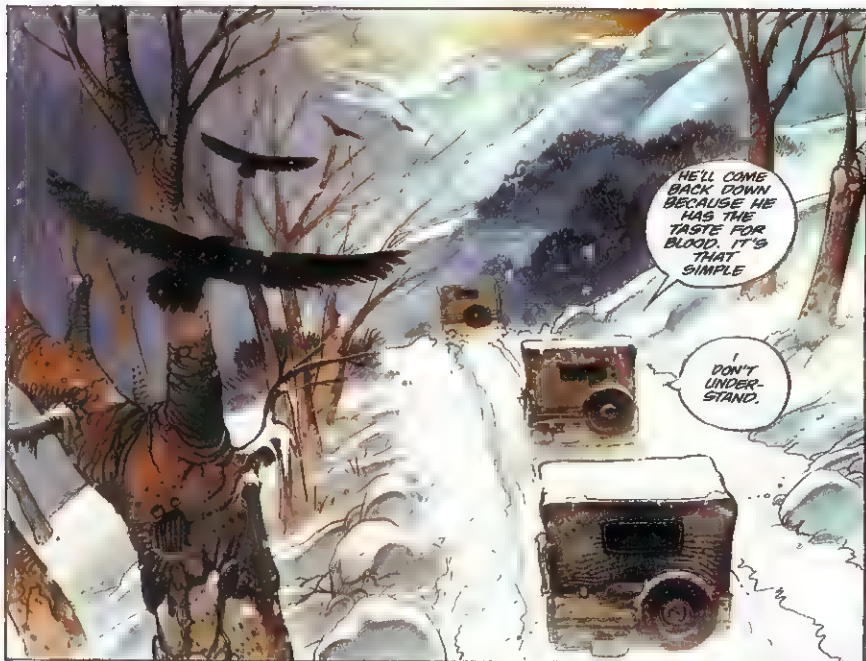
The Hunting Party christin-bilal

LAST WE READ, THE HEAD'S OF STATE WERE PREPARING FOR THE GREAT HUNT... WHENEVER THAT MAY BE.









HE'LL COME BACK DOWN BECAUSE HE HAS THE TASTE FOR BLOOD. IT'S THAT SIMPLE

I DON'T UNDERSTAND.



DO YOU SEE THOSE CROWS FLYING OVERHEAD?

YES.

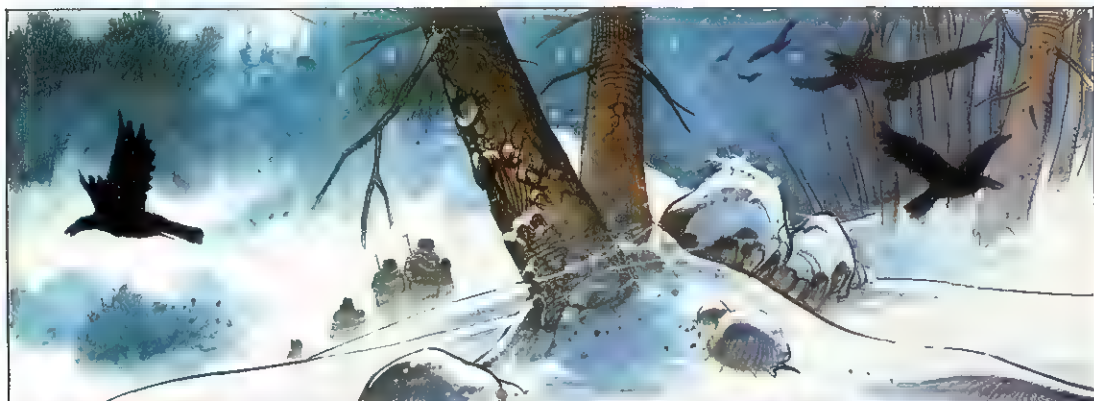


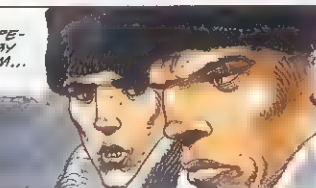
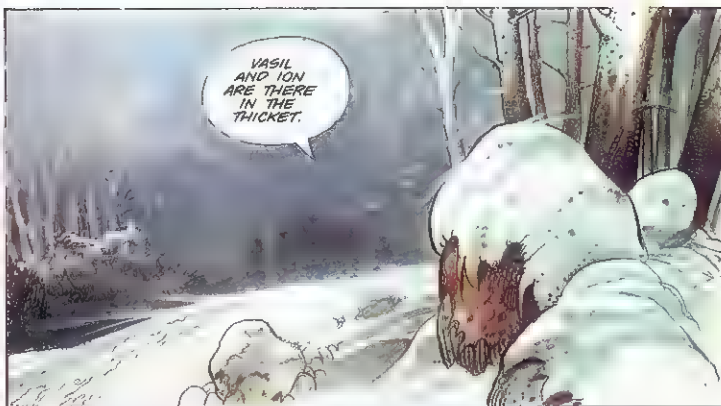
JUST LIKE THE BEAR, THEY'RE ATTRACTED TO THE CARCASS OF THE HORSE, WHICH HAS BEEN THERE FOR DAYS NOW

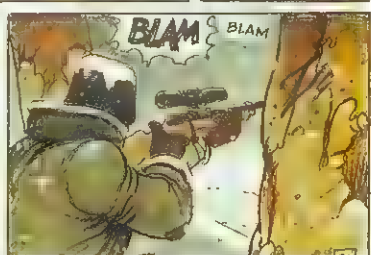
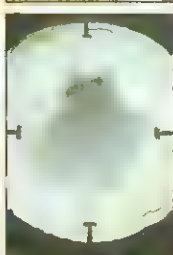
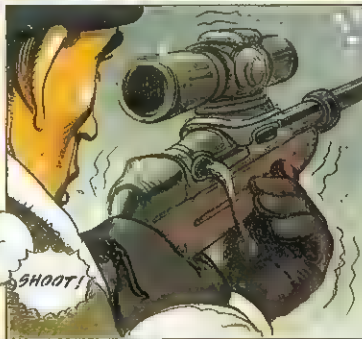
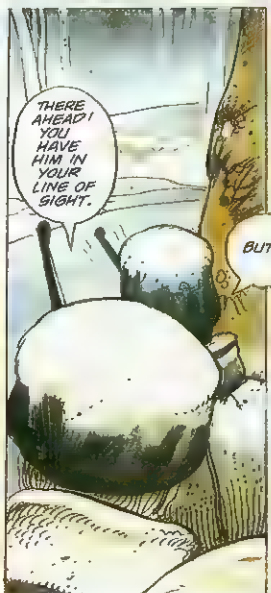
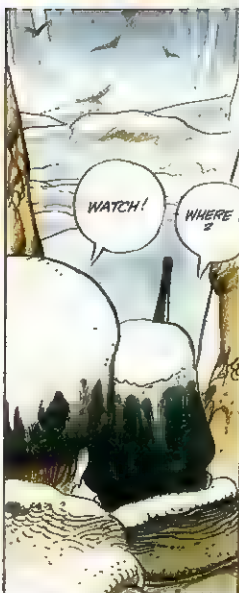
WELL, SHALL WE GO UP?

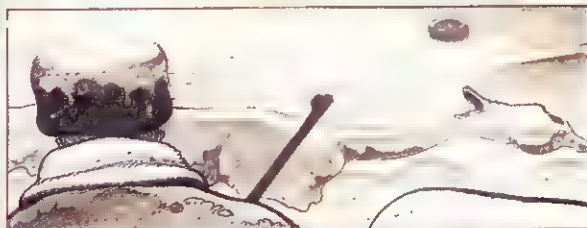
LET'S GO!









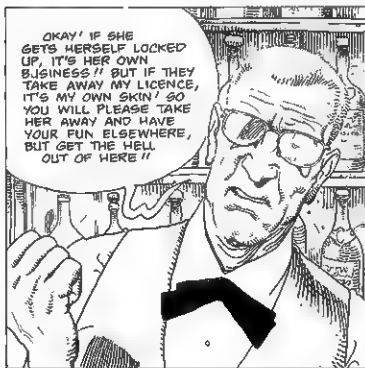
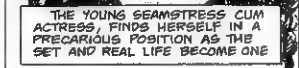


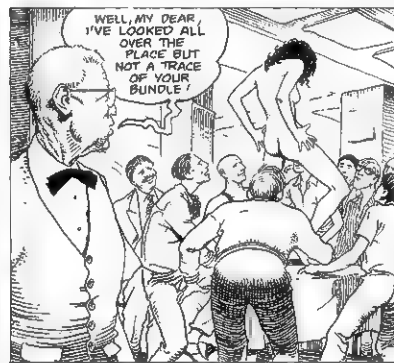
TO BE CONTINUED

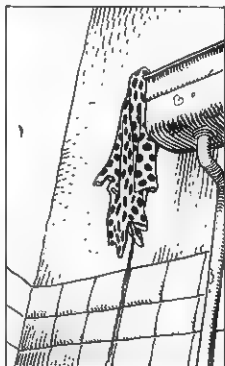
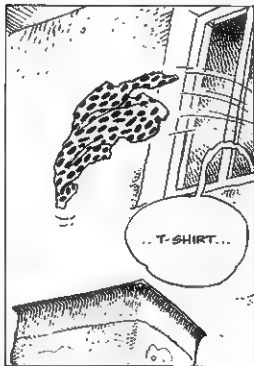
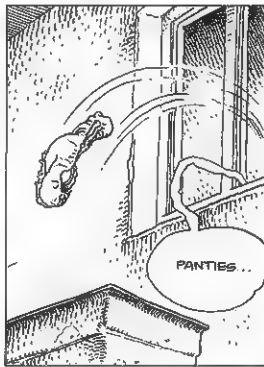
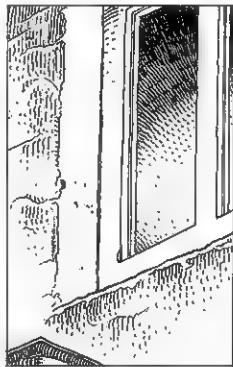


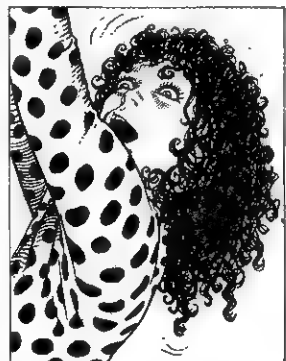
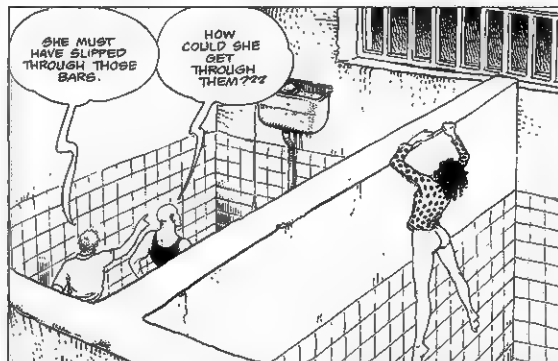
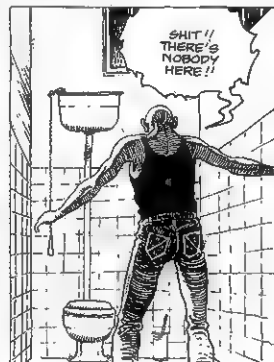
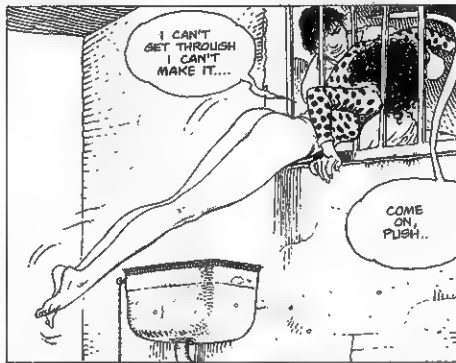
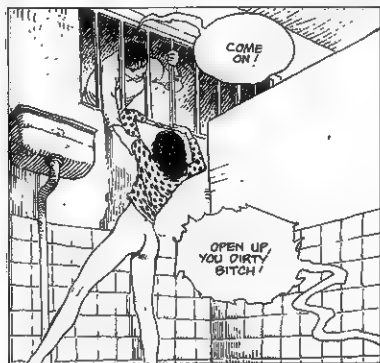
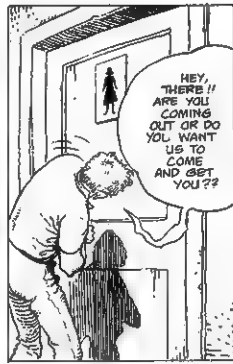
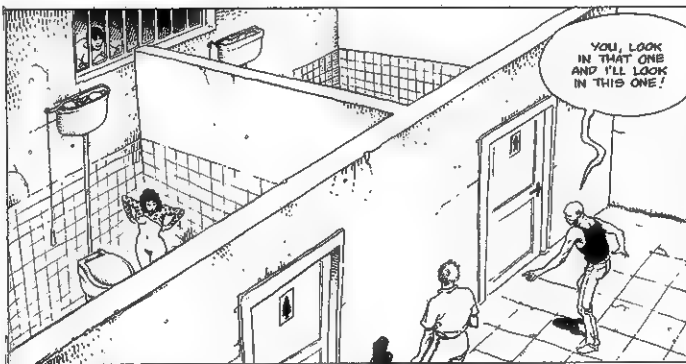
An Author in Search of Six Characters

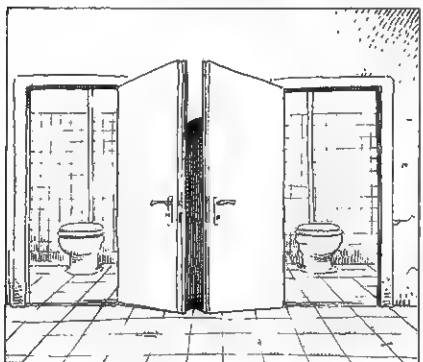
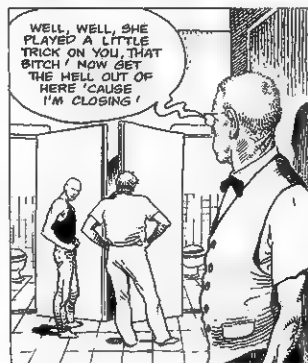
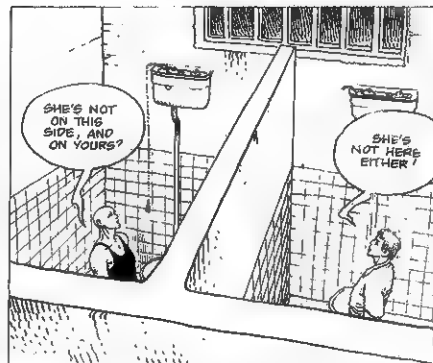
by Milo Manara

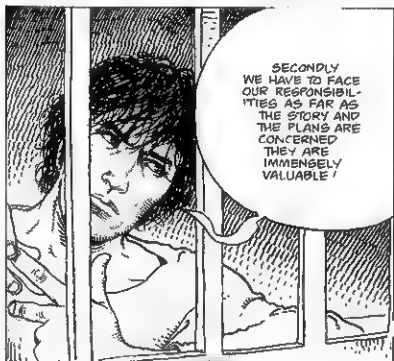
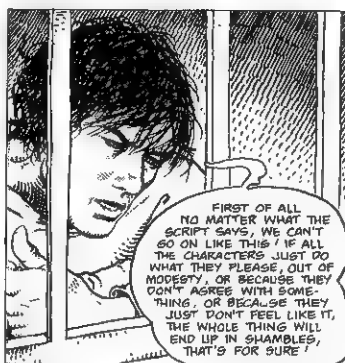


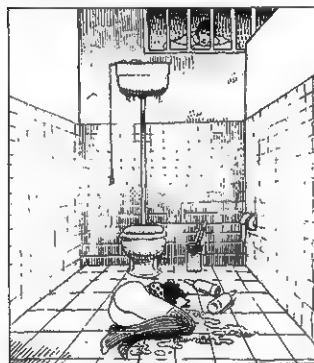
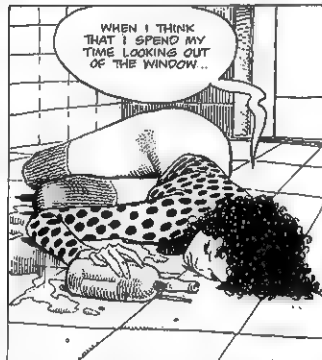
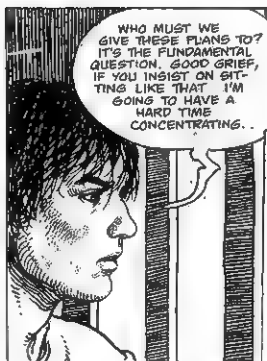


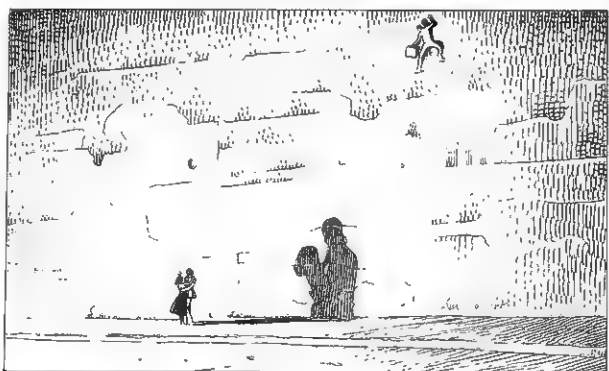
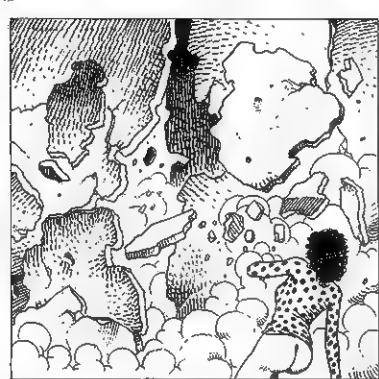


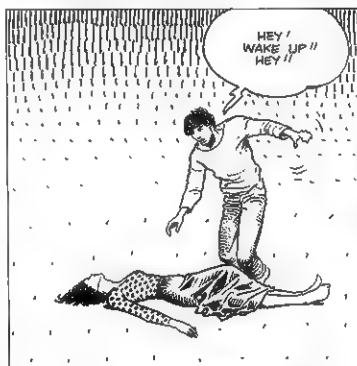
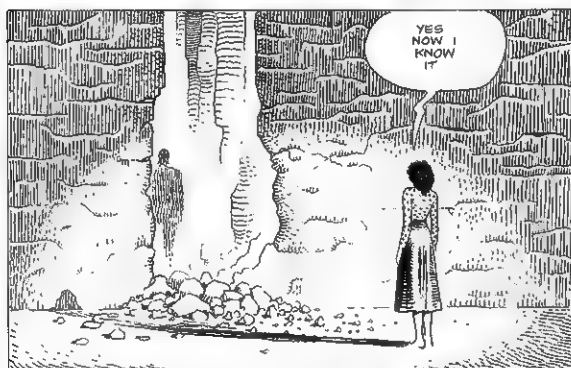
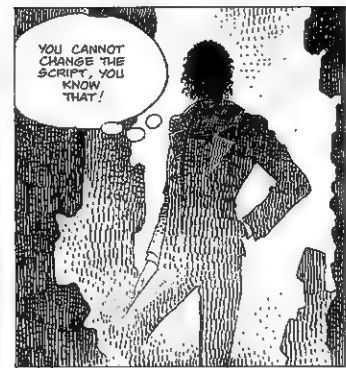










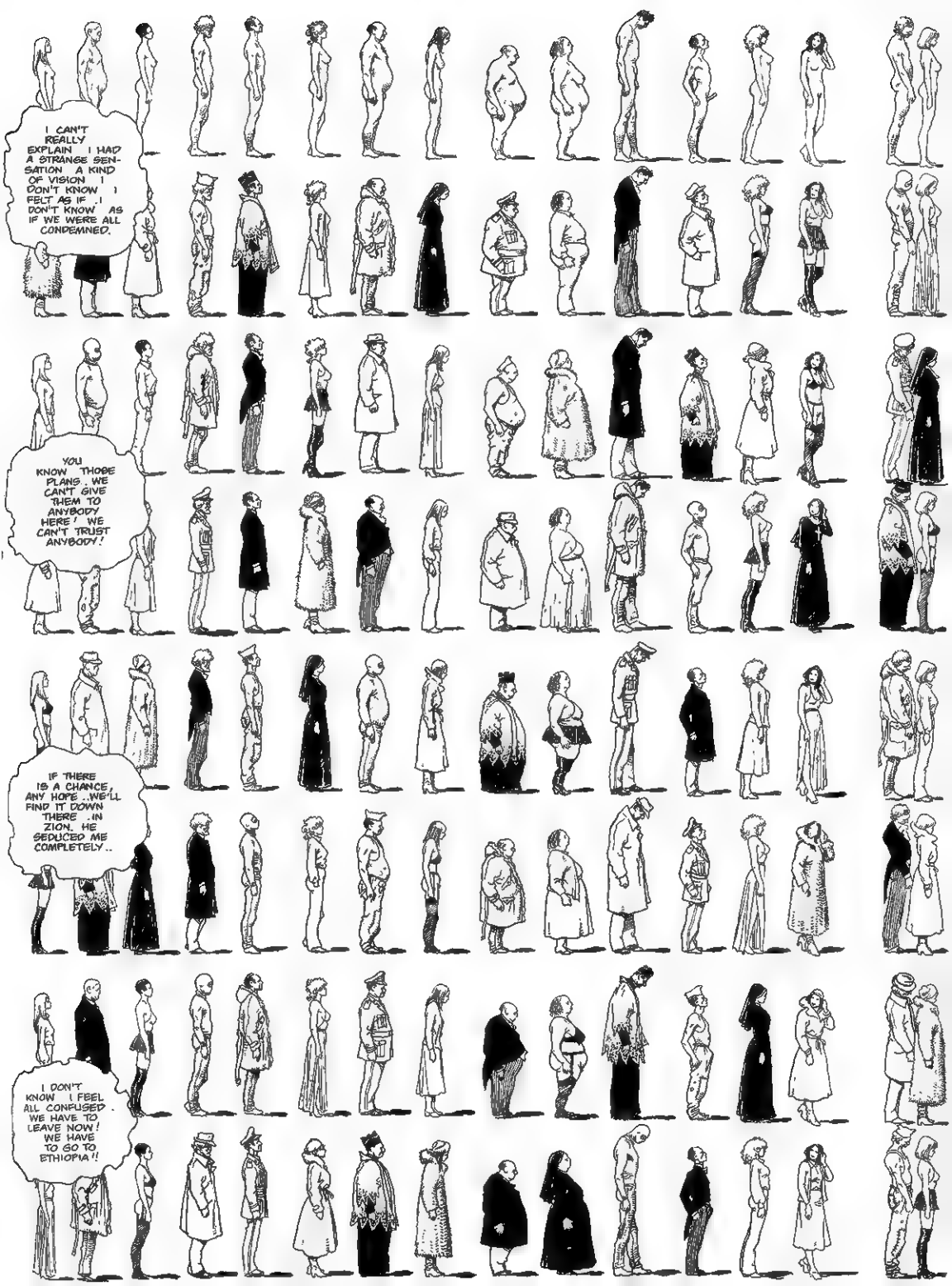


I CAN'T
REALLY
EXPLAIN. I HAD
A STRANGE SEN-
SATION. A KIND
OF VISION. I
DON'T KNOW. I
FELT AS IF... I
DON'T KNOW... AS
IF WE WERE ALL
CONDEMNED.

YOU
KNOW THOSE
PLANS. WE
CAN'T GIVE
THEM TO
ANYBODY
HERE! WE
CAN'T TRUST
ANYBODY!

IF THERE
IS A CHANCE,
ANY HOPE... WE'LL
FIND IT DOWN
THERE... IN
ZION. HE
SEDUCED ME
COMPLETELY...

I DON'T
KNOW. I FEEL
ALL CONFUSED...
WE HAVE TO
LEAVE NOW!
WE HAVE
TO GO TO
ETHIOPIA!!



G A L L E R Y

The Grand Adventure by Philip José Farmer

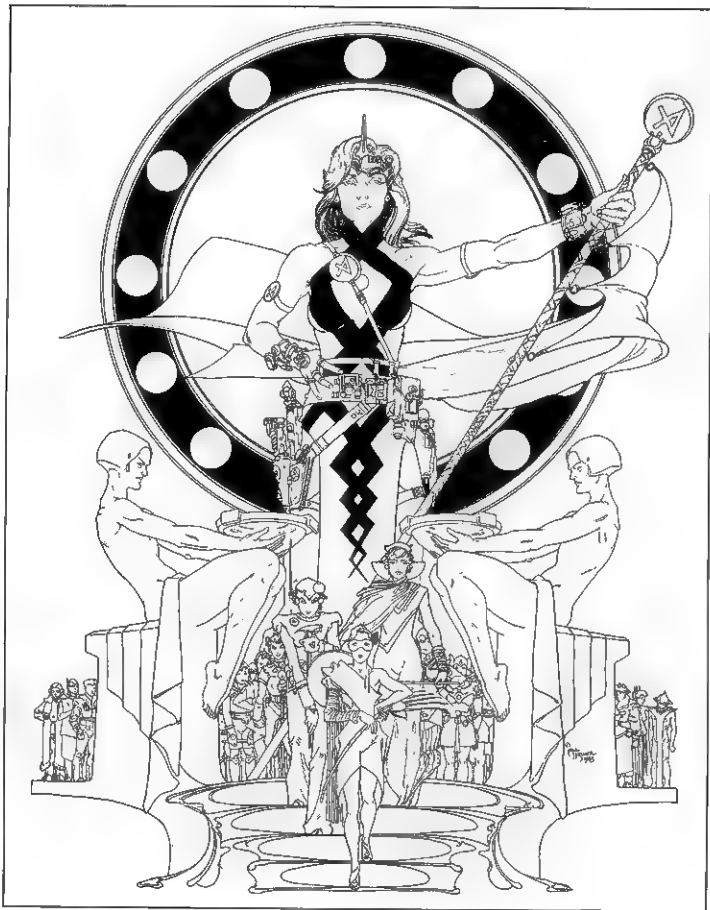
Mike Kaluta's plates for The Grand Adventure.

In his introductory notes to *The Grand Adventure*, Philip José Farmer's new collection that features the illustrations displayed here, the author writes, "Realism—a touch of it here and there, anyway—makes the fantasy more believable."

Yeah, I know that doesn't sound like much, but within that statement lies the germ of Philip José Farmer's somewhat perverse appeal as a writer. It's not the realism of mundane detail, but the obvious handprint of his playful, twisted subconscious that marks his writing. Strange things bubble to the surface in Farmer stories—things most other science-fiction writers struggle hard to repress. Yes, we're talking about sex here, but we're also talking about primate/human instincts (and the conflicts between them), religious and psychological myth-archetypes, as well as whether Lot chipped off a hunk of his wife after she'd been turned into a pillar of salt by The Man Upstairs (and if he did, what particular hunk would he choose to remove).

Probably, if Philip Farmer couldn't write about this stuff in the privacy of his own fiction, he wouldn't be a well man. Certainly, science fiction would be a much more boring place on the map—would be the work of Burroughs, Ballard, and Dick, three of the many writers he influenced, be any different?—and then Byron Preiss would have one less volume in his Masterworks of Science Fiction series. Perish the thought.

But Philip José Farmer is alive, well, and writing in Peoria, Illinois, spilling the most wonderfully unlikely stuff into his typewriter. You'd be amazed at what the man gets away with. Try *The Lovers* (1952), *Dare* (1965), *Flesh* (1960), *The Image of the Beast* (1968), *A Feast Unknown* (1969), *Strange Relations* (1960), and *To Your Scattered Bodies Go* (1971), and you'll get an idea of what I mean. Or you can try *The Grand Adventure*, which contains eight of Farmer's excellent but less well-known stories (one of them so rewritten from its original appearance that it is essentially a new story), and more than fifteen illustrations (including several superb Kalutas).



The Grand Adventure, by Philip José Farmer, is a Berkley Book published in conjunction with Byron Preiss Visual Publications, Inc. All rights reserved.

GALLERY



GALLERY



Dossier

The name **Jack Davis** might not yet be a household word—but if you've lived in the U.S.A. during the last thirty-five years you've undoubtedly been exposed to his art work on a comic, bubble-gum card, movie poster, print ad, TV commercial, or national magazine. Indeed, so all-pervasive is Davis's style of cartooning that it has entered the collective consciousness, spawning a new cartoon idiom as distinctive and original as George Herriman's *Krazy Kat*.

Following a hitch in the Navy at the close of World War II, Davis studied art for three years at the University of Georgia, concluding his studies with a year at the Art Students League in N.Y.C. He then began his career working for the now-legendary E.C. comics line. For four years, Davis drew superbly atmospheric war and western stories for Harvey Kurtzman's

Two-Fisted Tales and *Frontline Combat*—but it was his divinely inspired zaniness for Kurtzman's *MAD*, and his tongue-in-cheek shockers for E.C.'s trio of horror titles, that burned Davis's style into the brains of countless youngsters in the fifties.

After the imposition of the Comics Code drove E.C. out of business, Davis followed Kurtzman to the latter's short lived but excellent humor magazines, *Trump*, *Humbug*, and *Help*, as well as assisting Kurtzman and Will Elder on "Little Annie Fanny" for *Playboy*. At the same time, Davis's career as a commercial artist was beginning to take off. He did in-house and consumer ad art for an awesome array of products and companies (everything from basketballs to junk food), as well as countless movie posters and design work for animated TV commercials.

And, as the 1980s roll toward their

midpoint, they find Davis—now fifty-nine, silver-haired, and bespectacled—at the top of the commercial art heap. His work is everywhere, universally admired by advertising professionals, cartooning fans, and fellow artists. But Jack Davis has never lost touch with his roots. He still does work for the University of Georgia, and of all the original *MAD* contributors he is the only artist to still appear there regularly.

In person, Davis is the epitome of the Southern gentleman—modest, gracious, and soft-spoken, his words gently tinged with faint traces of the Georgia accent that thirty-plus years among the Yankees have failed to erase. As if to underscore Davis's passion for golf, his bright, comfortable White Plains studio is situated adjacent to the seventeenth green of his local course.

—S. C. Ringenberg

Cartoonist: Jack Davis

HM: Were you always drawn to art, even as a child?

JD: Yeah. I think it goes way back to kindergarten, when I did drawings and I'd bring them home, and my mom would say, "This is great!" And it really wasn't. So I started looking at the papers, reading "Popeye" and "Mickey Mouse" and "Henry"—which was easy to draw, you just copy him with an egghead on his head. So I started doing that. Milton Caniff ("Steve Canyon") and Harold Foster ("Prince Valiant") were my idols. I just thought they were the greatest.

HM: Who else influenced you? Were you influenced much by the other E.C. artists?

JD: No, I don't think so. I think that we all tried to be a little different, nobody tried to be alike. That's the way I worked. I liked George Baker, who drew "Sad Sack" way back when it was in *Stars and Stripes*. God, those were funny. And I liked the old master Heinrich Kley—he's great. He gets a lot of movement, action... then Daumier... This was in college, when I first started seeing compositions, and how

light and dark works. I think Bill Mauldin was a big influence. I love his "Willy and Joe" stuff.

HM: Where did you get the vigorous line quality so characteristic of your work? Everything seems to be moving, it's never at rest.

JD: Probably from Walt Disney movies—all the big feet, big hands, expressions, you really got the feel of it. If you're a fan, I think it rubs off on you whether you like it or not, and the action was always great.

HM: Did you work on developing a style you knew you could do fast, or did it just evolve?

JD: I think it just sort of evolved. I took a lot of life-drawing classes at the University of Georgia. I knew that I would not graduate with a degree because I was not a good student, academically. All I could do was draw and have a good time, and since the government was giving me four years of doing what I wanted to do as long as I didn't flunk out, I took advantage of it. A lot of my teachers let me take some of the classes twice, and that was just fantastic. I

had good instructors in life, figures, watercolors...

HM: You're probably most famous for the work you did for the E.C. horror titles. How do you feel about that work now?

JD: Well, it was frightening, and I batted it out. I really went after it. Every time you'd take a job to [E.C. publisher] Bill Gaines, he'd pay you on the spot and give you another story. So I would just keep coming in with as many pages as he could take or would give me, and I was just turning it out. I really didn't realize that I was doing something so horrible, so grotesque—yet it was a tongue-in-cheek kind of thing because it was so grotesque. So it really didn't bother me too much until they started having the [Senate] investigation in Washington, and Bill went down to testify. So I figured, well, maybe I'm doing something bad. I think I would've liked to have done something nicer, but I didn't. It came pretty easy to me—I've always loved Frankenstein and other monsters in the movies, and so I think it was a big influence on my work.





HM: How do you feel about your work on Kurtzman's war titles, which weren't as grotesque?

JD: I loved that I enjoyed that very much **HM:** Are you still proud of that work?

JD: Yeah, and when I look back—it's grotesque. My drawing is horrible. It's my style, but I'm not a Wally Wood or a Johnny Severin, they really drew accurate figures, and all mine are kind of distorted.

HM: As a Navy man, how were you able to invest your land-based war stories with such authenticity?

JD: Well, Harvey would have one of his assistants go off, get all the research they'd go to naval bases, Army posts, to talk with veterans who'd been through the battles. With the Civil War bit, he would read up on it. It was a lot of fun working with Harvey. He'd lay out the stories, practically pencil them, and then he'd read them to you and almost act them out. Then he'd just turn it over to you, and you'd go home and work on it.

HM: During the E.C. days you could pencil-and-ink an entire story in two or three days. How were you able to do it so fast?

JD: Well, I'd say, if somebody's going to buy this when I bring it in, then I'll do it. I think if you get into a routine... I've always been pretty loose with a pencil, you know. I sketch pretty loose, then I ink it. These days, with the work that I do for *MAD*, I pencil fairly tight. I can pencil a whole story in one day, and ink two pages a day. For my commercial stuff, I work on vellum with a brush. I think that of all my work, some of that loose, quick stuff is my best—that I bat out in about thirty minutes or an hour. I'll ink it with a brush, and then come in and do details with a pen—

like the shoelaces, or maybe the hands or the features of the face.

HM: You said in an interview once that you're not an illustrator. What did you mean by that, really?

JD: Well, I've always thought of an illustrator as somebody like Harold Foster, who worked pretty straight—taking a camera and shooting pictures and then copying them. I've never done that. I think everything I've ever done has been exaggerated.

HM: So you think of yourself more as a cartoonist?

JD: Yeah, but not in the slapstick sense. I could be if I wanted to, but I've had to, I think, be pretty versatile. When people who don't know me ask what I do, I have to start telling them I'm a cartoonist, and they say, "What's your strip?" And I have to explain everything to them. What I think I've done best are my *Time* covers—I've got about thirty-six of them. But I always like working for Bill Gaines best. Bill lets you do what you want to do, he's fantastic. And of all the great things about working for *MAD*, there are the company trips—we used to go on trips. We went all over the world: Russia, everywhere except Australia.

HM: What's the funniest thing that ever happened on one of those trips?

JD: Oh God, there've been so many. We went to Mexico one time, and Sergio Aragones took us all out of Mexico City to a restaurant where the bullfighters trained. It's a big arena, and people stood around having their lunch and watching the matadors work out. Then they asked for volunteers to come down and fight a baby bull. There were about five of us that went down into the arena. We were taken back to where the matadors dress, and there's an

altar there for them to say a prayer before they go out. A matador came in and said to us, "Here's the cape." Everyone got a leather cape, not a silk one, because if the bull hit it, it would kind of absorb the shock. So butterfies started in my stomach right then. The matador had an assistant with horns on, and he would show you how the bull would come. And then he said, "Don't move your body, just move your cape." And then we marched out, wearing leather chaps in case the bull hit us, and I'm thinking, "What am I doing out here?" They lined us all up, and played music over the P.A. system, some kind of grand march. We took our hats off, we bowed to our audience. And the matador came over and picked me first. I don't know whether it was because I looked the most awkward or what, but he said, "The rest of you stand behind the blinds." And he said to me, "Now get down on your knees." I said, "Get down on my knees." But you didn't say that back there!" And he says, "Hold your cape out front." I did, and sure enough, I can see hooves right under the door. They opened the gate, and a donkey came running out. It circled the ring, and everybody got a big laugh, but then the bull came out. He stood about four feet high—no horns, but he bellowed, took a charge at me, and gave me a head fake. And when he gives you a head fake, I don't care who you are, you're going to move your body, because you don't know which way he's coming. And then he went to hit me, and he got me a couple of times on the side. With Sergio—I think he came on toward the end—and the matador, they just had the bull panting where he could hardly walk by then.

Jazzy Jay is a pretty well-known New York deejay, the variety that cuts and scratches and generally works wonders with a couple of turntables. He also installed the sound system in my friend Rick's car. Rick is a volume and beat fanatic, and apparently Jazzy Jay was the only person willing to put 190 watts of stereo power into a moving vehicle. (Your average car stereo has six watts; your normal home unit, thirty or forty.) So in it went, bass speakers mounted in the trunk.

Rick was driving across the Fifty-ninth Street Bridge when this setup blew out his taillights—literally blew them right out; the whole electrical system shorted, too. That's a true story. A little while later, Jazzy Jay's monster having been replaced by a slightly less lethal system, Rick was leading a Manhattan-based expedition to Jersey City in order to seek out a White Castle. I was

sandwiched in the back seat of the car, and the radio was loud enough to make all other human and environmental sounds nonexistent. Somewhere west of the Holland Tunnel, I heard Run-D.M.C.'s "Rock Box" for the first time. I was genuinely startled; what I heard was a wall of wailing, crunching guitars over a massive whomp-and-smash beat, with a steady, ripping rap over that. The song and the sound were fierce yet spare, so base yet so progressive. "Rock Box" is a stunning record—the record of 1984—and consistent with the rest of Run-D.M.C.'s aggressive, minimal, fresh, and witty work. Their LP (on Profile Records) rings with sincerity, power, and ingenuity; what more could you ask for?

I had assumed that Russell Simmons was the man behind Run-D.M.C. That's kind of erroneous, as he'll explain. With

his partner, Larry Smith, Simmons manages and produces the group. Also, deejay Run is his brother, and Darryl (D.M.C.) has been a friend since early childhood.

Simmons is at the helm of Rush Productions, a great big company that operates out of a tiny New York City office. That puts him at the leading edge of the whole rap industry, which in turn places him in the center of contemporary pop music. Run-D.M.C., Orange Krush, Whodini, Starsky, Kurtis Blow, Fearless Four, Davey D, Bubble Bunch, and Jimmy Spicer are some of the artists under the Rush umbrella. And what role does Simmons play in their careers? A Rush publicist puts it this way: "He's got a staff of producers. He's got a roster of artists. He's an astute businessman."

—Tim Sommer

Russell Simmons

HM: What exactly is Rush Productions?

RS: This isn't a label. We have thirteen different acts on eight different labels. I'd like to put some of the acts in one spot, if we can. We've been talking to different labels about distribution, and we expect soon we'll have a label, maybe sometime in the next five months.

HM: Has it been difficult establishing individual personalities and images for rap artists?

RS: It's been very difficult, still is. There's not a rap star yet, there are no rap stars. Run-D.M.C. are on their way, there's some momentum there, six hits off one album, and we've still got another two hits on that album, they're building something... but they're not stars yet. Grandmaster Flash is not a star, not to my thinking—not like Rick James. Twenty thousand asses are not going to sit down to hear him. The amount of records he's sold, he should be able to fill Madison Square Garden. The company [Sugarhill] was not behind him, it never was. I'd like to think that if I had a Grandmaster Flash, with the number of records he's sold, he'd now be as famous as Rick James, if not more. At the very beginning when I first signed Kurtis Blow, and the only record that was out was "Rappers Delight," someone said, "Run around and get all the others you know that are possibly worth something," but I didn't sign Flash, I didn't sign Bambaataa; I didn't sign Hollywood... and they all became stars, without my help. You see, talent, if you don't take it, talent's going to make it anyway.

But my artists get paid, we make decent deals for them with labels. Some of the other guys who didn't sign with us, well, a

lot of those guys don't have no money. They have hit record after hit record, and they're still not making the kind of money that they see our artists make.

I think Kurtis Blow and Whodini are in the best position of any rappers, and Run-D.M.C., too. We help to develop images for our artists. That's very important. You might notice that some companies, record companies, have a sound—but our management company, each artist sounds different. Whodini has a sound, and that's Whodini; Run-D.M.C. has a Run-D.M.C. sound; Kurtis Blow, Fearless Four, they all have their own sound. And the producers understand that. It's more of a producers' workshop in our office than anything else. You could say it's a street sound, but you couldn't say it's a Rush Productions sound. We produce artists, we don't make records for those artists. Like Arthur Baker, what he's doing, that's a producers' game, they bring an artist in to rap or talk over their records. We don't do that. We get the ideas from the artist.

HM: That's probably a rarity.

RS: Well, in this kind of music I think it is.

HM: How do you respond to people who say that rap is a limited form artistically?

RS: I think that if they weren't on Profile Records, Run D.M.C. would be big stars right now.

HM: No, I mean the music, like where do you go from here?

RS: Run wrote a reggae song—it's reggae to me, anyway, but I'm not a reggae fan. If the Police are reggae, this is a lot more reggae than that, for sure. Yellowman would be happy to rap over this track. And Run wrote it.

Run and D.M.C. now have more

freedom than they ever had, and Run is very creative, and Larry [Smith] is very creative. When Larry and Run get together, they'll say, "We want something like this," and they'll play the most nervous new wave record, but if we take it to our audience, they'll go with it. I think they can do anything they want to do now. At first, black radio didn't know what the fuck "Rock Box" was—they liked everything else on the album better. But they played it for us. Phone calls came in, and "Rock Box" became a hit in those markets. They believed in me. So now Run can do new things. The only thing that's going to hold any artist back is a lack of creativity; and there's no reason to think that because they're rappers they're not creative. 'Cos we've got thirteen rappers in our office, all going in different directions. This is not a very modest statement, but I think in our office we're very, very careful about that.

HM: Have you encountered much racism—latent or blatant—in the music industry?

RS: The racism that we encounter comes from blacks, for the most part. That's a funny thing. All the groups that we're talking about, none of them were signed by black A&R people—they were forced on black music departments. When the top person at Elektra goes out and buys a Fearless Four record, he gives it to the R&B department. But it's the president who signs them up, because the black guys in the company would not.

HM: Why?

RS: They don't understand it. I'd like to think that's the most important reason. But it's also not sophisticated enough for them. They're bourgeois blacks. The guys remind them of the corner, and they came from

there, and they're away from there now. They want to be as far away from there as they can be. It's street, it's *too black* for them.

HM: So most of the racism you have to deal with comes from middle- and upper-class blacks?

RS: That's our most resistant audience. Teens, it's all right, but once they get twenty-five or so... Our adult audience for Run-D.M.C. is like 80 percent white, I've got to believe that. With the press, too, no *Jet*, no *Ebony*. No *Right On*, no *Black Beat*—but *Rolling Stone*, and every week something in the *Voice*, and *Sounds*, and *Melody Maker*, all the European publications. The people in the R&B departments have been my greatest roadblock, without question. Their job is to buy new black music and they're buying Peabo Bryson again and again, and they're buying shit that don't sell. They can buy new records by new rap artists, and it'll cost next to nothing, and it'll sell.

We just opened up a fan club. We get mail from the funniest places and the strangest people. A lot of letters begin, "I'm white, but I'm your fan," and so on. There's a lot of that, an awful lot of that.

HM: So it's no longer just black teenage music, it's teenage music.

RS: That's all. That's exactly right. It's young, and universal. There are also a lot of hip white rock people who want to buy an album, and that makes up for the adult middle- and upper-class blacks who won't buy our music. It's really the teen whites who are making our music successful. It's funny, in all the markets where we can't get on pop and rock radio, we're playing in those rock clubs.

HM: What was behind the creation of "Rock Box"?

RS: Run-D.M.C. were recording in the same place as Riot (a Brooklyn-based hard rock band), and they just liked the guitars. They went in there and saw these loud guitars, and they thought, "We can do that! What the fuck, we're going to make loud shit, too!" When we finished recording it we knew it was going to be real rock 'n' roll, but we were happy.

HM: I can't believe it took so long for someone to successfully marry heavy metal and rap. It almost seems obvious.

RS: I never thought of it—until Run said, "Bring 'em in," and we brought it in, and it worked. I don't like rock 'n' roll. I don't like heavy metal that much.

HM: How did you get started in rap?

RS: Rush Productions started in '75, '76, at City College. I used to give parties. College parties. Mostly on campus, but we also did off-campus every week, at the Small Paradise [on 135th Street in Harlem]. Kurtis Blow played at those parties.

HM: Were any whites aware of rap back then?

RS: Oh, they barely knew. There were no records. Our music was a kind of rebellion amongst people who didn't want to hear

"YMCA" all the time, and "I Love America" and all that kind of shit. Instead, Flash would play Bob James's "Mardi Gras," like four bars, and Billy Squier's "Big Beat." James Brown, too, but mostly old rock records—mostly *beat* records, places where you could find the *beat*. Bob James was jazz, but they'd find beats—breaks—like eight bars off of a record, and they'd play those eight bars and that was all they'd play. But those records were very different from whatever was commercial at the time. I knew exactly what I *didn't* want to do. What we made was spare, and aggressive... *real shit*.

HM: From the very start there was a big division between your stuff and black mainstream dance music—disco.

music isn't just a fad or a gimmick, and that the artists themselves are individuals?

RS: I've always had a hard time with that. Maybe it'll become more obvious now that there are real dollars behind this music. The first thing that happened that at last convinced Polygram was when they put out the second album by Kurtis Blow, and *nothing* on that album was worth a dime the whole album was *shit*—and they sold almost 200,000 albums.

HM: So he comes out with this garbage album, but his reputation and his image is strong enough to sell it.

RS: That's right. And that convinced them. Now Run-D.M.C.'s "Rock Box" only did 80,000, 100,000 twelve-inches. But the album is over 300,000 now. So we're



Russell Simmons (left) with Run-DMC

RS: The division was much bigger then than it is now. Disco has slowed down, it sounds a lot more like rap music these days. But at that time it was like night and day.

HM: Was it hard convincing people that you *didn't* want to make mainstream black disco?

RS: Yeah... but it's *all* disco, it's all dance music. People still don't understand, though. They think a twelve-inch record is a twelve-inch record, and they're all for the same market, so they're all promoted the same way. I think that's really dumb.

HM: And you've had a hard time convincing record companies that this

selling the album *without* selling the singles. That's a mark of *something*.

HM: And now that rap has shown a little bit of staying power, and it's been a pretty strong influence on a lot of artists and productions, you've been able to make your records even harder and more extreme. The mainstream is moving toward you—you haven't moved closer to the mainstream.

RS: Right. As a producer, I'm able to go even closer to the street now. Things I might have been scared to do four or five years ago, now the more street we can go, the better. The more street the commercial artists get, the more to the left you can go.

NAHALLYWOOD

Am I the only one out here who hates to watch garbage?

Judging by the box office tallies of some recent fantasy films, I'm beginning to think so. More and more mediocre genre films are being released, and more and more money is being made as sf and fantasy buffs stagger from theater to theater plunking down American dollars for the privilege of wallowing in mass-produced crap.

Look at the junk moviegoers have been fed over the past couple of years that has passed for entertainment: *Friday the 13th: The Final Chapter*, *The Ice Pirates*, *Superman III*, *Amityville 3-D*.

What the heck is going on here? Who's to blame?

Well, actually, there's enough blame to go around, folks. So let's start with the weird kids in Tinseltown, and work our way out to the hinterlands.

For the most part, contemporary horror and science fiction films stink. Why? Because they are, in general, mindless. The guys and gals in Hollywood with their shiny hairdos and shinier cars don't seem to give a good goddamn about something that, years ago, was considered the backbone of every good movie, whether it took place on Metuluna or in Minnesota.

The story.

The story, or through-line if you will, is now practically the *last* thing to be considered by wheelers and dealers as they brainstorm a movie at the sushi bar of their choice. How might a typical film spring to life? Perhaps in a conversation like this:

Baby mogul #1: Look, I know we can get Harrison and maybe Mel. They're both free.

Baby mogul #2: Jeez. What a coup. Will they do it?

Baby mogul #1: I talked with their agents. They're dying for a good action adventure.

Baby mogul #2: Great. Great. Let's do something futuristic, okay?

Baby mogul #1: Yeah. Yeah. Something very *Road Warrior*-esque.

Baby mogul #2: No. No. Mel's done that. Let's go for something *really* high concept. Maybe . . . hey. Listen. Maybe something like *Jaws* but in outer space. Yeah. Harrison owns this spaceship, right? He's an old spaceguy.

Baby mogul #1: And this monster is eating other spaceships!

Baby mogul #2: And Mel is this scientist who wants to get the monster before it can eat a . . . resort space colony! Could we get Roy Scheider to be the sheriff of the space colony?

Baby mogul #1: Shouldn't be a problem. Now, who can we get to write it?

Baby mogul #2: Don't worry, we can always get a writer. First let's get Harrison and Mel to say yes. We need a good title.

Waiter: You want your shark roll now?

Baby mogul #1: That's it! *Spaceshark*!

Baby mogul #2: We can get Doug Trumbull's entire family to do the effects!

And so it goes. Most sf/fantasy films are misfires from their inception. They seem like good ideas in paragraph form, but when they're stretched out to script length, they fall apart. Studio heads, at that point committed to the project, are usually averse to tossing a proposed movie out the window, and so a hasty rewrite is commissioned and countless millions are poured into the production to ensure stars, art direction, special effects, and a rousing score.

The end result? A \$20 million misfire.

As of this writing, neither *Dune* nor *2010* has been released, so it's possible that they will buck this trend but, right now, looking back at the past two years and noting the movies that were foisted on the public, I don't see many that, in my humble opinion, worked as involving stories.

Among the winners, I list *The Dead Zone*, *Splash*, *Gremlins*, *WarGames*, *Blue Thunder*, *Poltergeist*, *The Road Warrior*, *Ghostbusters*, *The Terminator*, *Testament*, *Le Dernier Combat*, and *E.T.*

Among the so-so's, I count *Return of the Jedi*, *Star Trek III*, *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom*, *Something Wicked This Way Comes*, *The Twilight Zone*, *Videodrome*, *Strange Invaders*, *Repo Man*, *Cujo*, *Christine*, *Blade Runner*, *The Day After*, *Greystoke*, *Creepshow*, and *Firestarter*.

The "you've got to be kidding me" crowd includes *Brainstorm*, *Children of the Corn*, *Curtains*, *The Hunger*, *Spacehunter*, *Krull*, *The Ice Pirates*, *Superman III*, *Time Walker*, *Iceman*, *Fire and Ice*, *Slapstick of Another Kind*, *Friday the 13th: The Final Chapter*, *Hercules*, *Streets of Fire*, *City Limits*, *The Keep*, *Jaws 3-D*, and *The Philadelphia Experiment*.

Now, almost all the above-mentioned movies, good, bad, or indifferent, boasted pretty nice art direction and wonderful special effects. Most of them, however, had ham-handed stories and characters that were, at best, cardboard. It seems a lot of genre filmmakers believe that if you load movies with enough eye-boggling effects (and fuck the plot), you'll make beaucoup bucks at the box office. Sadly enough, they seem to be right.

Why else would a film like *Return of the*

Jedi, which had about as involving a plot as your basic Buster Crabbe serial (but none of the charm) do so well? (I mean, give me a break with this *Star Wars* mythology crap. The first film was fine. The second meant well, but the third? How does puerile sound for size? And that end sequence, with the Ewoks and the ghost of Christmas past, I mean Obi-Wan . . . all we needed was Cheetah jumping up and down and doing something cute for the perfect Grade B finale.)

Or *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom*? That one made those old Jon Hall *Arabian Nights* back-lot epics of the 1950s look like *Masterpiece Theatre* by comparison. Yet it went through the roof. (Great kiddie movie, too. Nothing better for impressionable little minds than seeing widdle kids get whipped, hearts get torn out of people's chests, or monkey brains scooped up like a Carvel Wally the Whale cake.)

Superman III proved that you don't have to be an idiot to go to sequels, but it helps. *Streets of Fire* may have been the first film in history to jettison a script in favor of two hours of continuous MTV programming. *The Twilight Zone* was nothing more than a train set for Steven Spielberg and his friends to go "toot-toot" with, reliving their childhood fantasies ("Gee, wouldn't it be great to work on that show?") at our expense.

Blade Runner, while visually stupendous, actually had all its exposition scenes edited out of the movie. Not so lucky was *The Keep* which, apparently, had no exposition scenes to begin with. *The Hunger* was the biggest Fabergé commercial ever attempted, and *Krull* may have been the first movie in history to *feel* like the title sounded.

So why, you may ask, are these sub-standard movies still being cranked out? Ah, because of the science fiction and fantasy fans . . . the most desperate people on Earth.

No other moviegoing subculture is so intense, so forgiving, or so narrowminded in its devotion. Honest. I worked at a fairly well-known movie magazine for three years, and the letters we'd receive were astounding.

There are fans who will defend *any* movie. ("Well, sure. *The Last Starfighter* was crap but you have to admit that those spaceships were a lot better than the stuff on 'Battlestar Galactica.'") The following issue, we'd get three letters defending 'Galactica.' Ad nauseam.)

There are fans who'll find *anything* pal-

atable At a recent convention out in L.A., moviegoers were discussing the heartfelt message of *Star Trek III: The Search for Spock*. They singled out the friendship and loyalty motifs that ran throughout the movie. And, yes, those messages were indeed admirable. However, no one pointed out that the final, climactic scene—wherein the loyal, self-sacrificing Spock reappears from the dead in front of his oldest and dearest friends—was directed and acted as if it was the emotional equivalent of ordering a sandwich at a fast-food joint.

"Hey, look, Spock is back."

"Hi, Spock. Glad you're not dead. Want a sammich?"

"Jim, I will always be your friend."

"I know. Want mayo on that?"

"Sure. We'll save dessert for the next film."

The point is, more than any other group of fans, sf buffs will find something—anything—to like or cling to in a movie, whether it be *ET* or *Krull*.

In a word, they're suckers.

Now, part of this blind devotion arises from a very creepy element of sf fandom; a group that sees these movies not as entertainment or intellectual stimulation, but rather a reflection of . . . I'm not sure I can handle this . . . its lifestyle.

Walk into any sf convention and you'll meet hundreds of folks who remind one of a touring company of *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*. People who, seriously, want to live their lives according to the teachings of Ben Kenobi or Luke Skywalker or E.T. or Dr. Who. And these people aren't nine years old, either. They're nineteen, twenty-nine, forty-nine.

Great. I mean, better they should emulate E.T. than Jim Jones but, come on, guys and gals, there's a real world out there. You may not like it, but you have to cope with it. Movies are there to entertain

and inspire, not to quote and examine like the Bible of your choice.

Movie studios, well aware of the fanaticism attached to sf fandom, will pander to this audience, tossing it astonishingly crafted publicity plays and promotional ideas (from official fan clubs to secret handshakes), plays so extravagant that they will make the most mundane movie seem positively inspired.

And the fans will go for it.

My favorite example of the old special effects play goes back a few years. When *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* was released it was considered by many as a slow, deliberate, but ultimately wonderfully moving, almost cathartic experience. Richard Dreyfuss's character was a magnificent Everyman figure whose climactic voyage into the unknown was, possibly, the first real on-screen epiphany in a movie not featuring Charlton Heston. Following the film's release, though, a lot of science-fiction fans wrote letters asking really intelligent things like "But wot happened onna saucer after he went onnit? Wot did it look like inside?" And so Steven Spielberg, a normally creative, insightful man, was influenced by the wishes of the crowd. He refilmed and recut his movie, fine-tuning it, as it were. The result? Lotsa extra effects and the destruction of a long, important (non-effects) sequence dealing with the life of our Everyman and the struggles he goes through to interpret his psychic longings. The "Special Edition" version of *Close Encounters* was a lot, uh, zippier than the original but it also was pretty vacuous.

Spielberg tried to create an effects film that would appeal to the fans out of a desire to please. That can be forgiven. But nothing, absolutely nothing, will pardon such pieces of loud idiocy as *Yor, Hunter from*

the Future, or *The Ice Pirates*.

Now, common sense seems to dictate that if people stopped going to see substandard slices of cinema, movie producers would stop cranking them out. The big fear in sf circles, however, seems to be that if fans shy away from uninspired films, producers will stop making science-fiction and fantasy films altogether.

That is one of the most boneheaded concepts I've come across since sitting through *Two of a Kind*.

If moviegoers demand higher standards the chances are that two things will happen.

1) Initially, there may be a drop-off in the amount of genre films spewed out. Movie makers may retrench for a bit, puzzled by this sudden attack of taste. The number of genre films made may decrease but

2) The quality of these films will increase. Producers will be forced to make movies that audiences will pay to see.

I have never quite understood why the sf and fantasy genres, freewheeling worlds where you can tackle almost any mind-boggling subject or concept, have always been perceived as a dumping ground, the toxic-waste spot of cinema. Maybe it's time to clean up those dump sites. And, as with the real-life clean-up movements, that action has to start at a grass-roots level.

Next time you see an ad for *Indiana Jones vs. the Voodoo Toymakers*, pass it up. Say "No" to the next *Cheerleaders Meet the Cusinari* slasher film. Turn your back on the next *MTV vs. the Videogames in Space* exercise. When *Aliens Ate My Sister* plays in your neighborhood theater, try checking out an old Truffaut movie instead.

Not only might Hollywood get the message, but you just might see a good movie as well.

—Ed Naha



BOWIE

David Bowie would be the first to agree that beholding him is as pertinent as hearing him. Thus, **Serious Moonlight** (Doubleday/Dolphin), the 250-page coffee-table compendium of his 1983 world tour, doesn't stand as gruesomely commercial as it might. **Chat Flippo's** running commentary is a bit awestruck, but Denis O'Regan's photography, J.C. Suarez's design, and Mick Haggerty's graphics make the book something to see. And, as if the tour warranted the scrutiny of the plot to kill the Pope, there are now two concert videocassettes **Serious Moonlight** (Media Home Entertainment) is, as you saw on HBO, strictly performance and well directed by David Mallet. The newest, **Ricochet** (Miramax), digs around backstage at Bowie's Japanese shows, where, as usual, he got the key to the city . . . and every hotel room.

—sm



Sade

From the ashes of a group called Pride comes **Sade** (pronounced shar-day), an English group led by a young Nigerian woman of talent and vision. The English press has compared Sade Adu to Billie Holiday, an apt reference point but certainly only one to jump off from stylistically. She calls herself a former "soul girl" (as opposed to a punk, or ted, or whatever label one chooses to adopt in Britain), lists Ray Charles and Marvin Gaye as influences, and opens her shows with Timmy Thomas's "Why Can't We Live Together?" Perhaps the most amazing thing about the group's rapid rise in the British charts is that, for once, the trendies have adopted The Real Thing rather than just another glamorous face—then again, Sade looks as good as she sings, so she's hard to ignore. The group's guitarist, Stewart, writes the songs with Sade and plays highly stylized, unique licks, and the whole accent of the act is on a musical honesty wholly untypical of recent Brit packages. Their debut LP (released here by Epic) is the proverbial breath of fresh air in the dank hurricane, a collection of excellent (albeit somewhat low-key) songs from one of the most promising and unlikely U.K. groups to wash up on these shores in quite some time. Check it out.

—Jon Tiven



BLAM!

Art exhibit catalogues are helpful, even if you miss the real thing—the collections of prints can be taken on their own merits. In the case of **BLAM! The Explosion of Pop, Minimalism, and Performance, 1958-1964** (Whitney Museum/W Norton), it's tricky. After all, the art

includes statues and conceptual works that had to be photographed Still, Barbara Haskell's essays (with a supplement on American independent cinema by John G. Hanhardt) might make you feel a little smarter.

sm

ART IN TRANSIT

A collection of Keith Haring's work was inevitable, and *Art in Transit* (Harmony) serves as the remains of the graffiti artist's subway days. The book doesn't qualify as an anthology, exactly; Tseng Kwong Chi's photos display Haring's illustrations as environmental pieces (which they were) against the sights of New York's mass transit system. Defaced with an introduction by urban art aficionado Henry Geldzahler, it is, in a word, underground.

—sm



HIP HOP

If the walk from the South Bronx to the Lower East Side is long, and *Hip Hop* (St. Martin's Press) is like the view from a Greyhound bus. Encompassing break dancing, rapping, scratching, and street fashion—spanning from present day New York back into the beyond—*Hip Hop* is a lot to digest. Even worse, the bleached-out black-and-white pages lack the visual beauty of their subject. Writer Steven Hager has renovated his *Soho News* and *Village Voice* articles to dissertation length, and even tacked on a glossary and bibliography that will, if we know Hip Hop, be as obsolete as last month's Magic Marker.

—sm

TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES

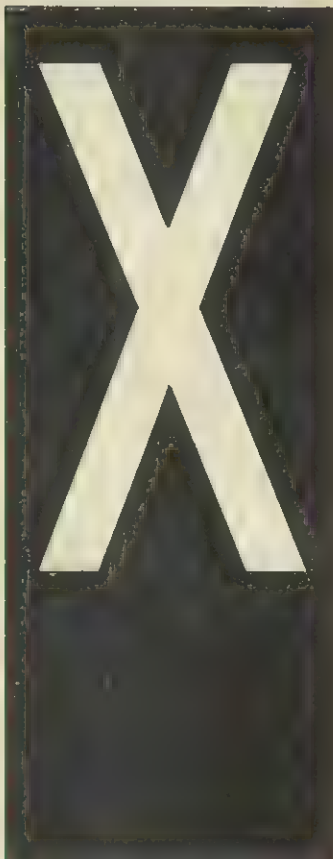


Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles: Mirage (Vortex) takes right where the going gets tough, and the going gets turtles. In this issue, the turtles mature, learn martial arts, and put their teenage skills to use in a series of assassinations. And a funny animal comic, "The City Sickness" by Kevin Eastman and Peter Laird, exceeds their original, really good version of Frank Miller's *Daredevil* story line, which heavily influenced artwork that's rampant in today's Cover violent stuff.

Matt Howarth

Mirage, Vortex, P.O. Box 408, Dover, NH

MISTER



Mr. X (Vortex) Two issues of this (ahem) bimonthly comic have been published so far, though the snazzy promo graphics (ads, posters, etc.) hooked me close to two years ago. First issue was a disappointment—flat storytelling and too-spare art (from young tyro trio the brothers Hernandez, of *Love and Rockets*) torpedoed the mystery generated by the imagery of the title character and setting (by Dean Motter and Paul Rivoche). Follow-up is an improvement—crisp, funny storytelling, and a now-breathing reality in futuristic-deco Radiant City (snappy six-page backup feature, "Tales from Somnopolis," helps). This is a book to watch (the posters are something to watch, too—five bucks to the publisher will get you four of 'em).

—Lou Stathis

(Vortex Comics, 96 Spadina Avenue, 9th Floor, Toronto, Ontario, Canada, M5V 2J6)

The H.M. Filmstrip

The Terminator Gaetano Liberatori may be surprised to hear this, but Rantexox, his punk killer robot, has hit the screen in the form of *The Terminator*—a *Road Warrior/Halloween* hybrid featuring Conan's own Arnold Schwarzenegger (aided considerably by Stan Winston's special makeup effects) as a ninja/cyborg from the future on a destruct mission in present-day L.A. Co-written and directed by Corman grad James Cameron (definitely one to watch), *The Terminator* is a hot B-movie for nihilists in search of a Mad Max fix

—James Verniere



A Nightmare on Elm Street Wes Craven's latest (see Nahollywood, November 1984 *HM* Dossier) is a hoot. On quiet, suburban-bourgeois Elm Street, wholesome teenagers fight off a dream-stalking death-slasher unleashed on them by the collective guilt of their asshole parents (Ever notice how it's always an upper-middle-class idyll that's thrown into horrible disarray? Is that 'cause no one would notice sickies like this in the South Bronx?) Tantalizing blend of dream logic and reality, with lotsa laughs, a few chills, torrents of plasma, and a generally high old time for ninety-one well-crafted minutes

—Is



Terror in the Aisles The good news is that this is a snappily edited greatest-hits collage *cum* visual essay dissecting the symbology of modern horror, making some good points while it slices out the boring bits from dozens of fright flicks we know and love (plenty of De Palma, Romero, Cronenberg, Fat Alfred, and that cute guy with the chainsaw). The bad news is that without the narrative buildup to all the butchery the stuff dangles without context or real suspense, kinda like eating dessert for dinner (ask Son of Sam about that). Still, it ain't bad (Tony Perkins coming through the door *always* gets me), and as an instant videocassette it would make a dandy stocking-stuffer for junior

Is



Choose Me Would Lesley Ann Warren really not realize that her favorite radio sex therapist (Genevieve Bujo) is actually her roommate? Writer/director Alan Rudolph has dropped "screwball" set ups into a modern setting, and anyone who saw *Welcome to L.A.* knows how bizarre his touch is. Even though the audience rocked with laughter, I got the feeling that they laughed at *Choose Me* rather than with it

sm

Some books shouldn't be made into movies. Period. Take *The Little Drummer Girl*. George Roy Hill (*Butch Cassidy, The Sting*) has distilled all the facts from John le Carré's best-seller. But the passion that Charlie feels for her Israeli paramour, which propels her into political activity in the first place, never made it to the screenplay, much less the screen. Diane Keaton, though, is great—and Hill just may be a gifted director in that there's no trace of Annie Hallisms. Her romantic lead, however, has all the appeal of flat beer

—sm



THE METAL PROJECTOR

If there *must* be a sequel to *Pottergeist*, it's good to hear that the key hell-raisers will return. Screenwriters-cum-producers **Mark Victor** and **Michael Grais** and SFX director **Richard Edlund** have all shaken hands on *Pottergeist II*. With Edlund's work—stars of *2010* and *Ghostbusters*—the sequel is sure to be packed with heavy sensations at the very least. . . . Anyone wondering what's going on with **Stephen King** (he hasn't had a movie adaptation in at least a week), here's the current score: Just finished filming is *Silver Bullet*, with **Gary Busey**, and next up will be *Cat's Eye* with **Drew Barrymore**. In the planning stages are *Creepshow II*, *The Stand*, *Sometimes They Come Back*, and *Trucks*. Most, if not all, of these include **George Romero** or **Dino De Laurentiis** (who's just signed for world domination with MGM/UA). . . . **David Huddleston** has been gifted with the title role in *Santa Claus*, with **John Lithgow** as a modern day Scrooge. This is, as you know, the Saikinds' newest, directed by **Jeannot Szwarc** (*Supergirl*). As for Lithgow, he comes to *Santa Claus* from *Mesmerized* for director **Michael Laughlin** (*Strange*

Invaders), where he plays a New Zealand farmer poisoned by his new bride, **Jodie Foster**. Lithgow calls it "an Edgar Allan Poe story as retold by Germaine Greer." . . . *Alien II* has **James Cameron** (*Terminator*) as its director. It's a shame, but a fact of movie-making, that *Alien II* will probably get more support than ten *Terminators*. And now that the latter has the sweet smell of success, does its popularity kill any hope for the long-planned film adaptation of "Ranxerox"? Ranx came first, but the two are (coincidentally?) similar models. *Psycho II* screenwriter **Tom Holland** makes his directorial debut soon with *Fright Night*, a comedy-thriller in which a boy believes his next-door neighbor is out to kill him. We know just how he feels. . . . **Michael Jackson** thankfully remains the elusive film star—even though, as far as Hollywood's concerned, he's hotter than a rubber in a cat house. Jackson has yet to commit himself, but is probably closest to an even lengthier adaptation of "Thriller" called *They've Landed* with Columbia Pictures. This strikes us as being very deranged, since Coca-Cola owns Columbia,

and Jackson has pimped "Billie Jean" to Pepsi. Hey, money passes the taste test. We're looking forward to this gem about as much as we await *Girls Just Wanna Have Fun*, also on the way. . . . Author **Michael Ende**, no fan of the recent adaptation of his best-selling *NeverEnding Story*, has given the O.K. on his second book, *Momo*, for a German production. . . . On the independent front is *Hyperspace*, from L.A. comedy writer **Todd Durham**. David Letterman late-nighters will recognize goofy **Paula Poundstone** in the midst of a mistaken alien attack on a small Southern town. . . . First artist **Chuck Norris** is shooting *Code of Silence* in Chicago with *Beat Street/Final Terror* director **Andy Davis**. *Death Wish* fans won't want to miss this blend of Hispanic drug-ring, Mafia takeover, and police cover-up. . . . Busy *Breakfast Club*-er **John Hughes** is currently on location directing *Weird Science*. We'd love to tell you the plot, but at this point it's as available as Queen Elizabeth's phone number. What we can tell you is that **Anthony Michael Hall** is again Hughes's star, as is *The Woman in Red*'s **Kelly Le Brock**. . . . **Penelope Spheeris**, the Sylvia Plath of the teen market (*Decline of Western Civilization*, *Suburbia*), is apparently not yet through with the grim subject of American youth. Just telling us that her leads in *Blind Rage* attended John F. Kennedy High School lets us know what we're in for. The two stars, **Maxwell Caulfield** (*Electric Dreams*) and **Charlie Sheen** (son of Martin), play a pair of L.A. multiple murderers for a weekend that sounds like **Penelope Spheeris's** *In Cold Blood*.

—Steven Maloff and Ed Naha



Maxwell Caulfield in *Blind Rage*.



From **Todd Durham's** *Hyperspace*—buggers from another planet.



Director **Penelope Spheeris**: "When I yelled 'cut' I meant it figuratively!"

The Heavy Metal Interview

Russell Mulcahy



It's too bad Russell Mulcahy is such an obscenely nice guy—because I *should* hate his guts. Why? It's all *his* fault that I'm able to sit through a Duran Duran video, and feel for a moment or two afterward that I've actually *enjoyed* the experience which is a bit like a Holocaust victim coming out of *Triumph of the Will* humming "Deutschland Über Alles." Bloody unforgivable if you ask me.

Fact is, Duran Duran owe a hefty chunk of their Vatican-level Swiss bank accounts to Mulcahy. They've been lucky (smart?) enough to have had his directorial skills at their promo-clip disposal from the beginning of their pathetic Roxy Bowie cloned existence, skills that have unquestionably lubricated their insertion into the lucrative glory-hole of pop platinumity. To put it bluntly without Mulcahy's videos, Duran Duran would be just another bunch of dull limeys crowding the cages of Ellis Island petitioning for entry into the MTV-land of opportunity. Other beneficiaries of the Mulcahy largess

include Elton John ("I'm Still Standing," "Sad Songs"), Billy Joel ("Pressure," "Allentown"), Culture Club ("The War Song"), and dozens of others, deserving and undeserving.

Just who is this (video) gun for hire, and where the hell did he come from? Australia, to be exact. Mulcahy is an affable, pleasantly unpretentious, thirty-one-year old Aussie whose relaxed manner belies a hyperkinetically superhuman work schedule. Since moving himself from Sydney to London six years ago, Mulcahy has directed more than a hundred and fifty promo clips (turned out at the average rate of one a week, he reckons), four video albums (for Duran Duran, Elton John, The Tubes, and Peter Cook and Dudley Moore), a feature-length Duran Duran concert fantasy film (the bits of this I've seen lead me to believe that I'll soon be able to sit through *ninety goddamn minutes* of these clowns . . .), and a wonderfully strange supernatural-action film (the snazzy *Razorback*—which seems poised for the el

dumpola treatment by its totally bewildered American distributor, Warner Bros.—and still, after all that, he's rubbing his hands together in anticipation of the next challenge down the road (when anyone with any sense would be in a wheelchair whining for a rest)

But prolificity isn't this guy's only virtue. Mulcahy—along with production company partners David Mallet (responsible for most of Bowie's clips) and Brian Grant (Peter Gabriel's "Shock the Monkey," and an interview subject in these pages last February)—was there while music-video was crawling through its awkward infancy, forging a unique style for himself within the restrictions of this throwaway sub-genre. Many of the signpost techniques of that style have been yanked out and imitated so many times that they've become scorned clichés—cameras in constant states of fluid grace, facile manipulation of graphic and symbolic imagery, flash-framed interlocking narratives tumbling against one another in carefully chaotic progressions. Mulcahy's mastery of technique is simply awesome; his promo clips (*never* videos, he uses only film) are mini-masterpieces, and *Razorback* a reeling, fever-dream tour de force.

And the guy isn't the least bit impressed with himself. I first met him in a crowded North London pub, directly across the street from the television studio where he's shooting the final bits for the latest Duran Duran promo ("The Wild Boys," now playing on boob tubes everywhere). Though by all accounts exhausted and under tremendous pressure, he looks fine to me; relaxed, smiling, chatty, and quite lucid (despite his apologetic claims to the contrary). Periodically, a production assistant comes in and taps him on the shoulder, signaling that the set-up for the next shot has been completed and his presence is once again required. "We're



shooting stuff to drop in case the BBC or anyone objects to something in the promo," he tells me later on the set. On a platform at one end of the studio one of the band members is poncing about for the camera, pouting his lips and miming guitar-thrashing to the thunderously loud playback, bottle sprayed "sweat" dripping down his face. Mulcahy wanders about, at ease and in control. Two days later in the Soho office of his production company, he seems only slightly more rested and less pressured (fending off a request to direct a live satellite-broadcast concert from the Imperial Palace in Peking, and fretting about the upcoming month-long edit for the Duran Duran concert film). In these somewhat less frenetic circumstances, Mulcahy indulged my deviously unpertinent prying and shameless flattery, talking about his past work and the upcoming live *Heavy Metal* movie that he hopes to direct a segment of.

—Lou Stathis

HM: I was wondering about your thoughts on the mingling of fantasy and reality, in light of the very specific area that you come from—rock promo clips—and the freedom that area gives you.

RM: Right. You said I come from a specific area. Some people who saw *Razorback* said they thought it looked like a two-hour MTV video—that was a criticism. Well, I don't really know what an MTV video looks like, except that some of them have singers in them. It's a style that I like—a style that I like to see in films and put in the ones I make, where there is a certain reality, and then we bend it. Not going completely off-the-wall, just bending it.

HM: You mean keeping things real but sort of twisting it a little?

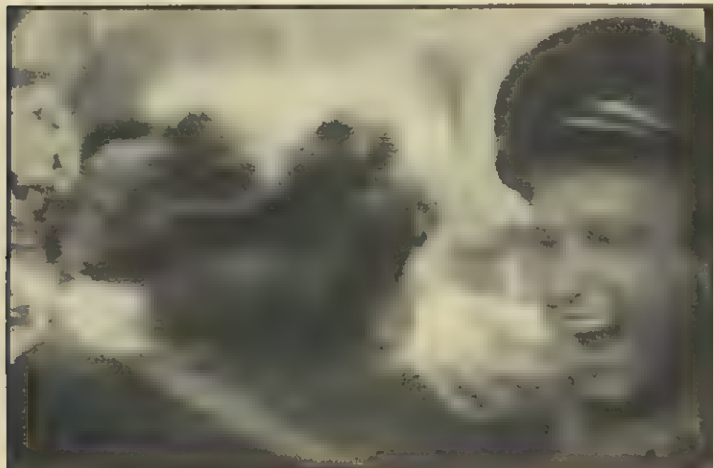
RM: Yeah—you twist it to make people a bit giddy. You convey the sense that there could always be something underneath the paving stone, another dimension of the world. I think it works better if you create some sort of real situation so you can twist it somewhere. The other thing I like to do is just entertain. Top priorities. What I try to do in my work is explore avenues of design, color, and music—telling stories through pictures and music, a bit like what *Heavy Metal* has done. People these days can accept a lot of visual information.

HM: Do you think they are more visually sophisticated?

RM: I don't think they're more sophisticated, I think they can actually take in more images and make sense out of them, get blown away by them. I try to tell stories with pictures, lighting, costume design, and just ideas. I like to break rules.

HM: I've noticed that you seem to like interweaving stories together, not just one straight narrative interpretation of a song lyric, but a number of them drifting back and forth.

RM: Yeah—but you're always restricted to



From "Allentown"

what the song is. You can't go completely directionless of what the song is, so you are limited.

HM: So what you're saying is that in doing a promo clip you're limited by the song, but in a film you're limited by nothing? How do you confront not being limited by anything?

RM: I don't think it's good when you're limited by nothing. Sometimes it's nice to be able to work at an early stage in a project so that you can limit yourself. I think it's irresponsible to go into something and just throw in the kitchen sink. You really have to say to yourself, this has this style, and then go ahead and do it. What I like to do is get involved at the beginning. All I'm saying about being limited by a song is that it's written.

HM: So ideally you'd like to be more involved at the beginning of a project, at the conceptual level, as opposed to just being handed a song to shoot?

RM: Yeah, I do think that's important. I still do these things because there is creative freedom, but I like a team effort. I think if everybody is involved at the beginning everybody grows with it.

HM: Why do you do promo clips? Is it because the work is available to you, or do you think something specific can be accomplished in the format?

RM: Oh, I enjoy doing it. I mean, when I was a child I would always close my eyes when I listened to music, and I would see

things. Now I can actually film those things I saw.

HM: So you always found music visually stimulating?

RM: Yes, totally. Now there's the opportunity to put those visuals into material form.

HM: The common criticism of video clips is that they limit the internal resonance of a song with specific imagery.

RM: I totally agree. I feel guilty that myself and others are putting definite images to songs, because in years gone by there were none, and everyone had

"Doing a feature is like doing a long-distance run, and you're the only runner."

different interpretations. But I guess somebody's got to do it; I mean, somebody's got to write the book, somebody's got to make the film of the book. My thoughts are always that I should what I would like to go and see at the cinema or on television.

HM: Like an internal viewer?

RM: Yes. I should, as an internal viewer, feel that it is exciting me, making me cry, laugh, or whatever. Hopefully, my tastes reflect widespread feelings. I don't know. I really don't do anything too consciously. It's just the way it happens.

HM: How consciously is that? Do you do storyboards?

RM: I storyboard some action scenes. I need to say things so that everyone knows what I want—but a lot of it is invented on the day of the shoot. No one can read my scripts—there are lots of little boxes and scribbles. I mean, I just worked with all these guys at Shepperton [Studios] on the Duran Duran feature who had all worked on *Star Wars*, *Superman*, and movies like that, and all they had was eight weeks' preparation—and they really liked it, because there was a certain adrenaline going, a sort of organized chaos. There was freedom for things to develop during the day. I like to keep things as loose-bound as they can be.

HM: Do you think that gives the work a sense of spontaneity?

RM: Certainly. Because you can never really tell what will come up. I would storyboard things a couple of years ago, and go on to the set and there's this shot here, a close-up there, and it just restricted me. And I'd get in a tight situation because I'd already formed the film in my head and I was locked into it.

HM: And what specifically is transmitted into the film when you leave it open like that?

RM: Energy comes across. I've found that I work very fast, and my mind is very active. I think that transposes onto the film.





HM: Is there a rhythm that results from that energy?

RM: I try to create the rhythm on the day of the shoot, and later work on the edit. I started as an editor, so I shoot to edit. I'm actually cutting the thing in my head as I'm shooting. Doing *Razorback* was a whole different thing, though. I had to learn a few new rules. Everyone had a great time on it because I took in some of the things I'd learned directing clips, and the crew brought in some of the old rules. There was a meeting of two styles, and they really blended into each other.

HM: Which do you prefer to do?

RM: I'd say doing a feature is like marriage, and clips are like one-night stands. Both can be good, you know? As soon as I've finished one, I want to go off and do the other.

HM: How can you switch gears from one to the other so quickly?

RM: I can't switch that quickly. It's like, I'm still at Shepperton, and people have been calling, asking me to do this and that, and all I can say is "Call me tomorrow, because my mind won't switch off this project until then." When you're doing a feature you'd have two months' preproduction, and before that I'd have had a month's vacation where I would sit down and change gears. I would never survive doing a film at the mental and physical pace I just did for the last two weeks. I'm constantly pacing—I must walk fifteen

miles a day in circles. I think a lot when I do that, because on a clip I have to think fast. On the feature I didn't. At the very beginning, the producer said to me,

"Doing a feature is like doing a long-distance run, and you're the only runner." You have to pace yourself, otherwise you won't make the distance.

HM: Did you get bored working on only one thing for that long?

RM: Didn't have time to get bored. We'd work six-day weeks, with the day off going to sleeping. I had my birthday on location at three in the morning. And how could I get bored with those two maniacs—these

"... Doing a feature is like marriage, and clips are like one-night stands. Both can be good, you know?"

two characters who play punkish psychopaths. Those two were a real blow-out, but unfortunately they took their characters into their days off. Took one of them four weeks to get out of character.

HM: Do you think there'll be a problem with the violence?

RM: I don't think it's too violent. It's more comic book, more humorous. It's like a comedy-horror thriller. It's what I like—a film that can do a couple of emotions. I

think it's possible to disturb people, and make them tense, and frightened, and then give them a laugh, then bring them down. There's this emotional wave form, at the structural level of a film, that can actually work. We did actually map out *Razorback* to a point.

HM: Don't you find that a bit calculated?

RM: It is, and if everyone worked that way it would be a bit silly. [Mimes looking at his watch.] "Don't go to the toilet now, dear, there's a nasty bit coming up." But I like what we call "bits"—a term for things that titillate, whether they be funny, lovely, or frightening, or whatever. The film has lots of bits, so something's always happening. Even when characters are talking I think there should be something to watch—so if you don't want to listen to the dialogue it can still be entertaining. I believe that when people pay money for a film they should be entertained. I learned that from films like *A Clockwork Orange*, which is a visual masterpiece—there's a lot going on there but not too much. I had to learn structure, narrative, and pace to do *Razorback*.

HM: Some of the bits in *Razorback* are pretty off the-wall, seemingly violating the boundaries between fantasy and reality. How much of that do you think you can get away with while still maintaining a level of credibility? How soon does the viewer begin doubting everything that happens?

RM: I guess that's something one has to

learn. I meant that sequence where the guy is walking through the desert as a hallucinogenic sequence. It was meant to be in his mind—he was flipping. A lot of people take it as reality—some Americans have come up to me after seeing it and have said, "Oh, wow, I've got to go to that place in Australia where all those lights fall out of the sky."

HM: That's probably something that comes from your clip background. You seem more free to do those kind of things in music-videos, where you can fiddle with images and reality, unlike in a movie which is cast in a more realistic mode.

RM: Yeah, I guess. Well, I never went to film school and learned the so-called rules. I learned them myself from watching movies and understanding what I liked and what I thought worked. There's only one rule to me: Does it emotionally work?

HM: So you're not even bounded by reality?

RM: That's right, because people daydream. I don't think there are any rules in that respect. You know what I mean?

HM: Yeah—but I wonder how much you can build suspense, and expect people to be fearful, when you're working that far out of a realistic context.

RM: Well, the other rule is that you've got to set up—and whether I did or didn't, I don't know—your own rules in the beginning of the film or promo. Your own

rules are the only ones you have to abide by. It's like a teacher once told me, "The first and last paragraphs are always the most important." In the first paragraph of a film or promo you must set up the parameters of where you're going to take your audience.

HM: Like a sort of visual overture?

RM: Yes, exactly, you've got to have a little visual overture to set up the style or mood, and to say this is the sort of thing that we are going to do, and it will go in various directions from here, but definitely not over there. It's like saying, do you want

"... When I was a child, I would close my eyes when I listened to music, and I would see things. Now I can actually film those things I saw."

to go on that roller coaster or this one? As long as you let them know which roller coaster they'll be on, they'll enjoy the ride. I think it's a bit of a cheat to surprise them halfway through. Hopefully, in that first sequence in *Razorback*, you visually sense elements of what you are going to see later on. You see that it won't be normal—I mean the lights behind the windmills and the strange compositions. There's a very

deliberate use of light for an emotional effect. And that's why we're all so excited about this *Heavy Metal* project, because it will allow us even more freedom to explore these things. *Heavy Metal* is the perfect medium for that sort of visualization—it encompasses quite a large field: it's humor, it's horror, and it's slightly offbeat.

HM: So fantasy imagery obviously strikes a resonant chord in you. Has this always been true?

RM: Yeah. I loved fairy tales when I was a kid. I had one fairy tale book with incredible pictures of gardens full of thorns and giants and creepy drawings in it. Quite bent it was. I've always loved the fantastic.

HM: What sort of emotions did that imagery stir in you?

RM: Well, we used to play these games out in the bush—you'd call it a forest, I guess—where we would run around and create our own world. So I guess seeing another world on film much later, it struck me that other people were thinking the same way I was. There was one black and white serial, like *Flash Gordon* or something, which my mum banned me from seeing, except on Christmas Day—which was lucky, because that was the one where the city melted. Great stuff. The fantastic films were always the ones that really captured my imagination.

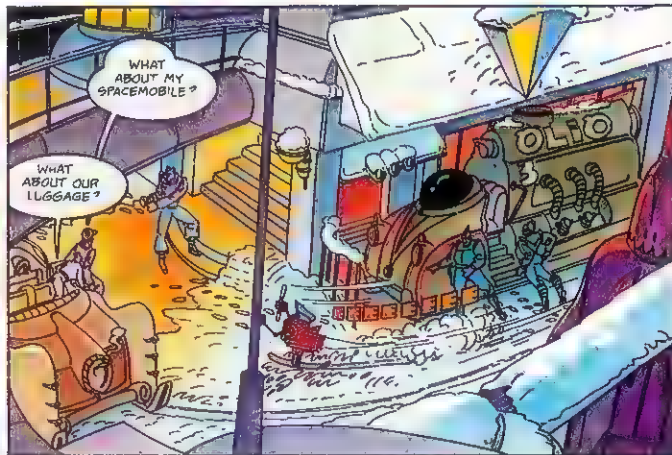
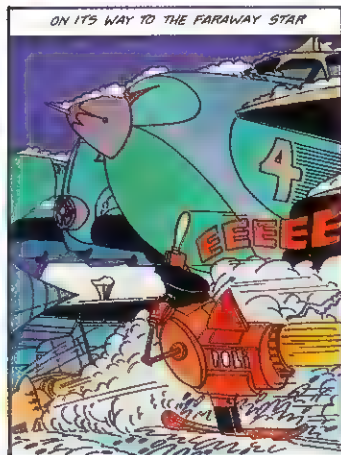
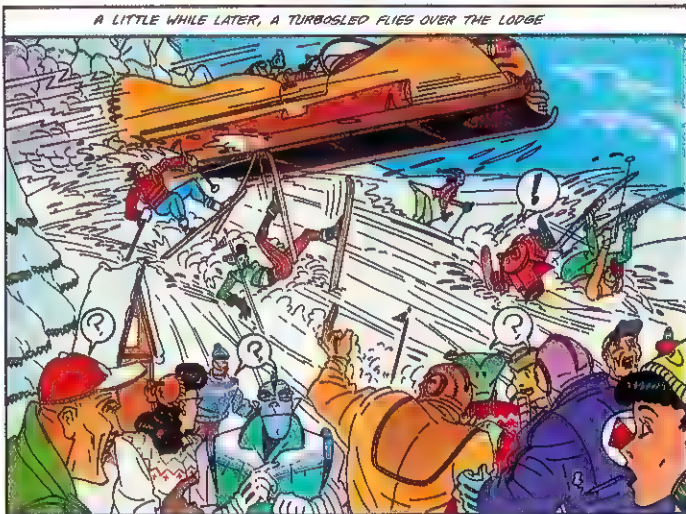
From "Rio"

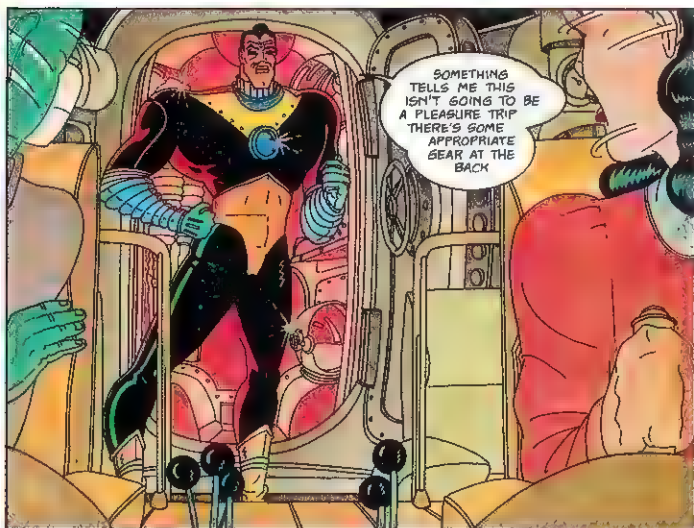
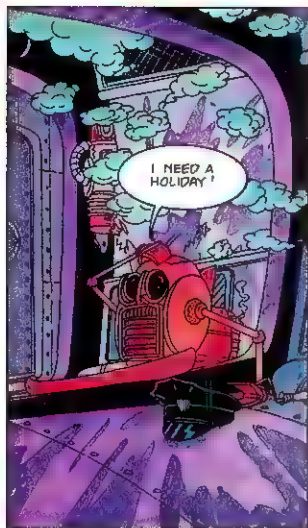
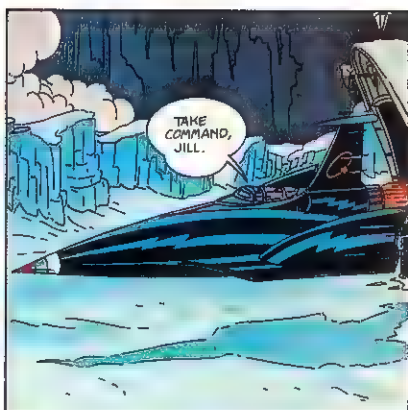
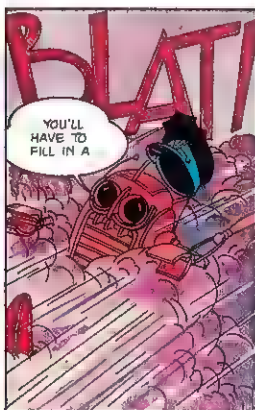
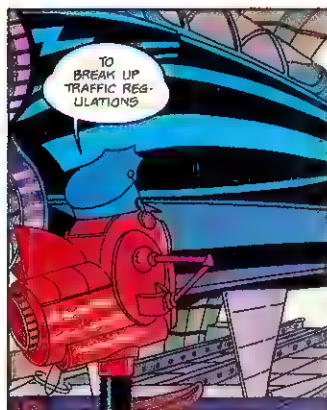


TRITON

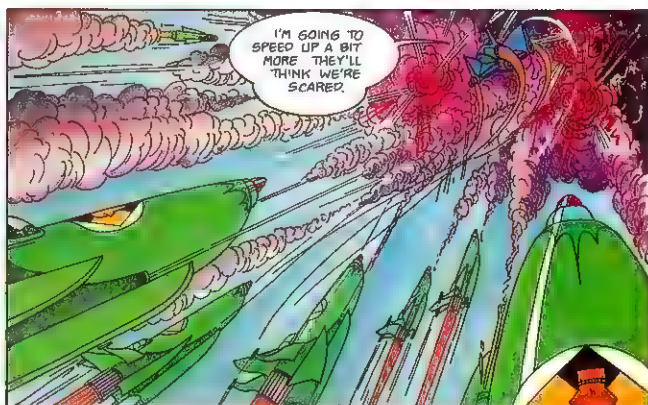
LAST WE READ, ROCCO, JILL AND SAMSON WERE GETTING READY TO COMBAT THE SINISTER FORCES THAT WERE HINDERING THE RELOCATION OF BADLY NEEDED ICEBERGS FROM TRITONIA TO EARTH WITH THE ICEBERGS, THE DROUGHT WOULD BE OVER.

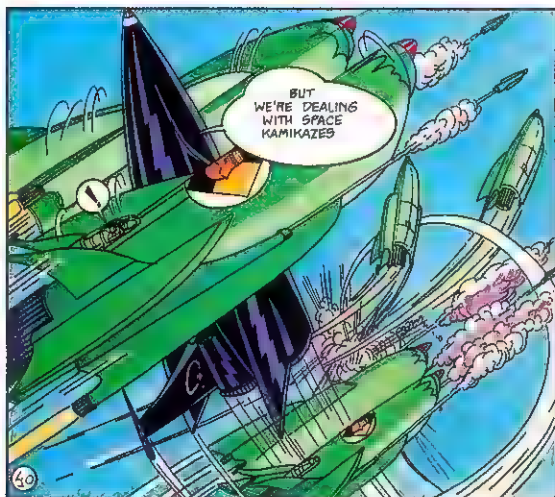
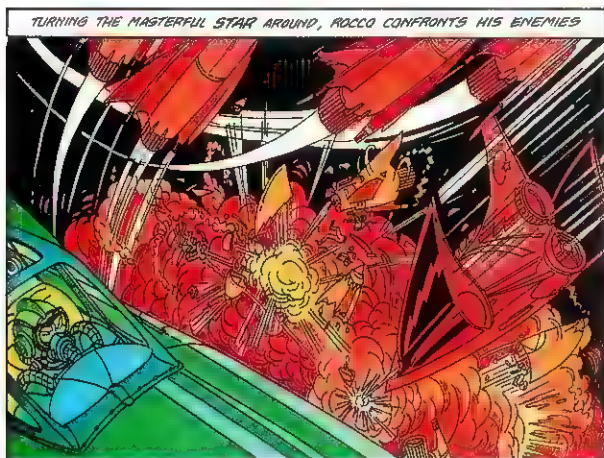
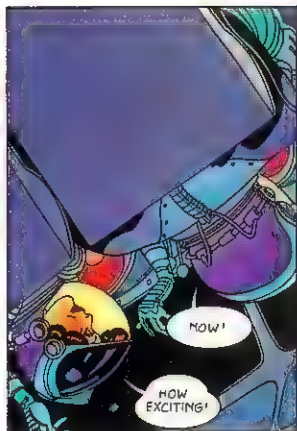
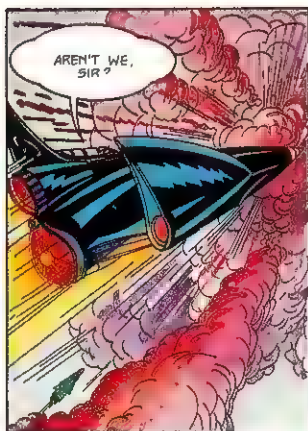
A LITTLE WHILE LATER, A TURBOSED FLIES OVER THE LODGE





WITH ITS AMAZING SPEED, THE FARAWAY STAR DEVOURS MILLIONS OF KILOMETERS. IT PASSES OVER SATURN IN A MATTER OF MOMENTS. WELL, LONG MOMENTS



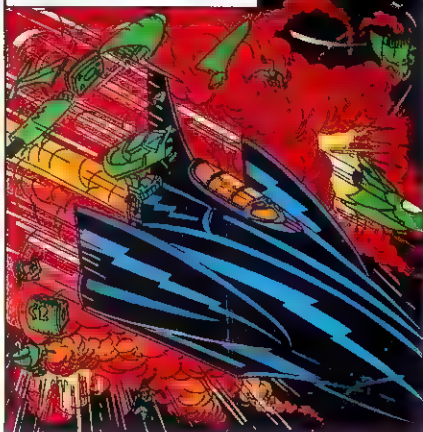


SEVERAL SPACESHIPS DIVE TOGETHER AFTER THE PREY

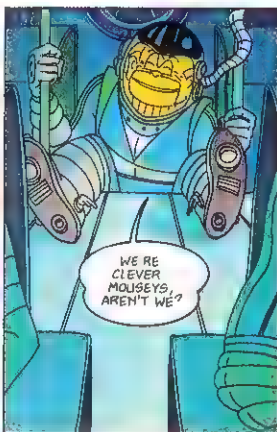


STUPID JERKS!

BUT THEY EXPLODE!



WHAT HAPPENED?



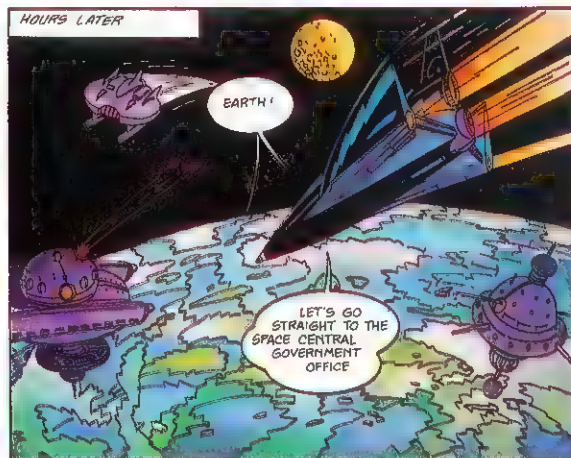
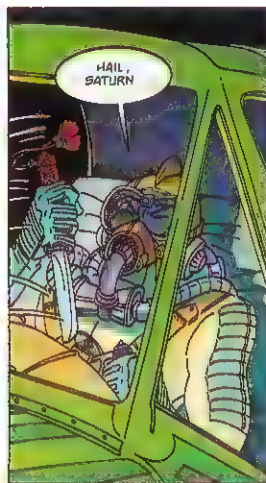
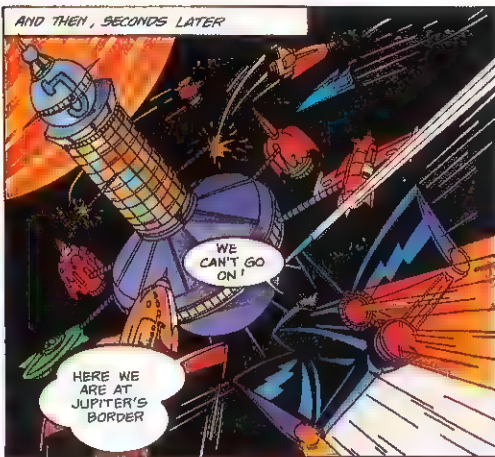
WE'RE CLEVER MOUTHEYS AREN'T WE?



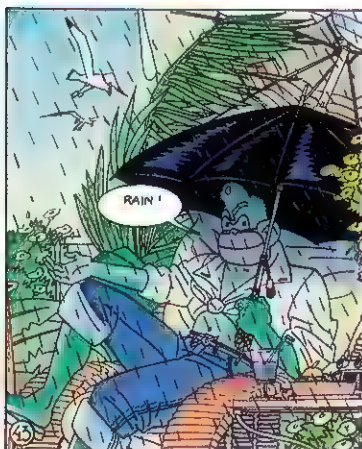
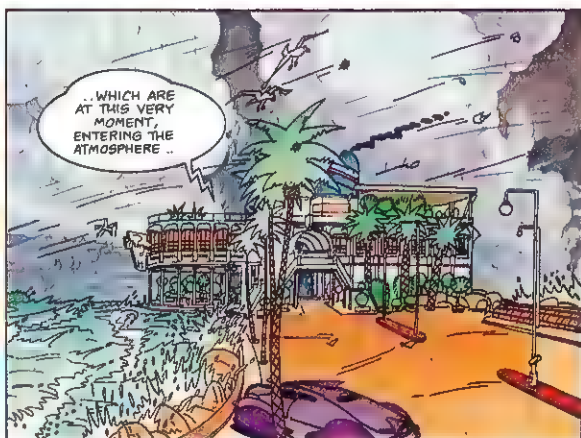
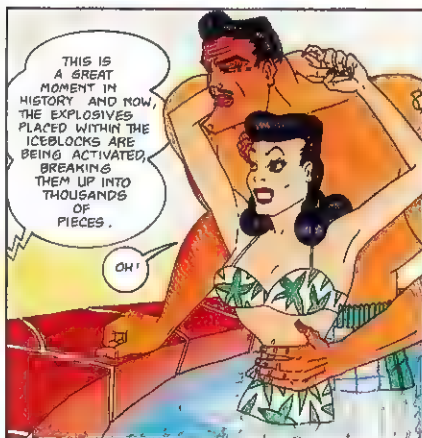
HERE THEY COME AGAIN THERE'S MORE OF THEM EVERY TIME

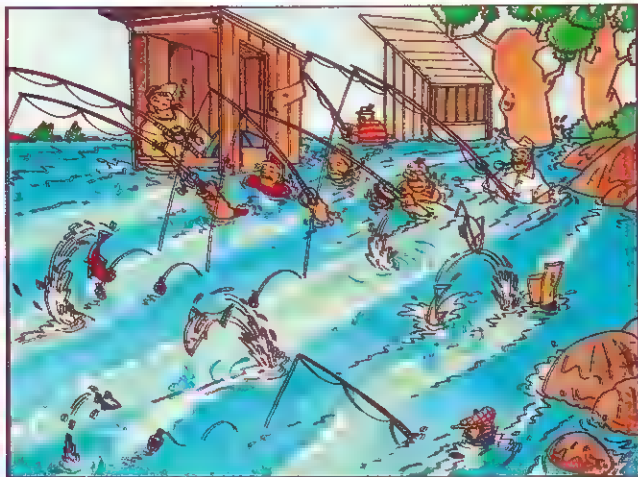
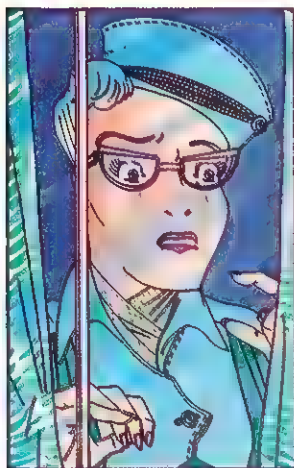


THEY'RE GOING TO GET US WE'VE GOT TO GO TOWARDS JUPITER, OR WE'RE DEAD MEAT



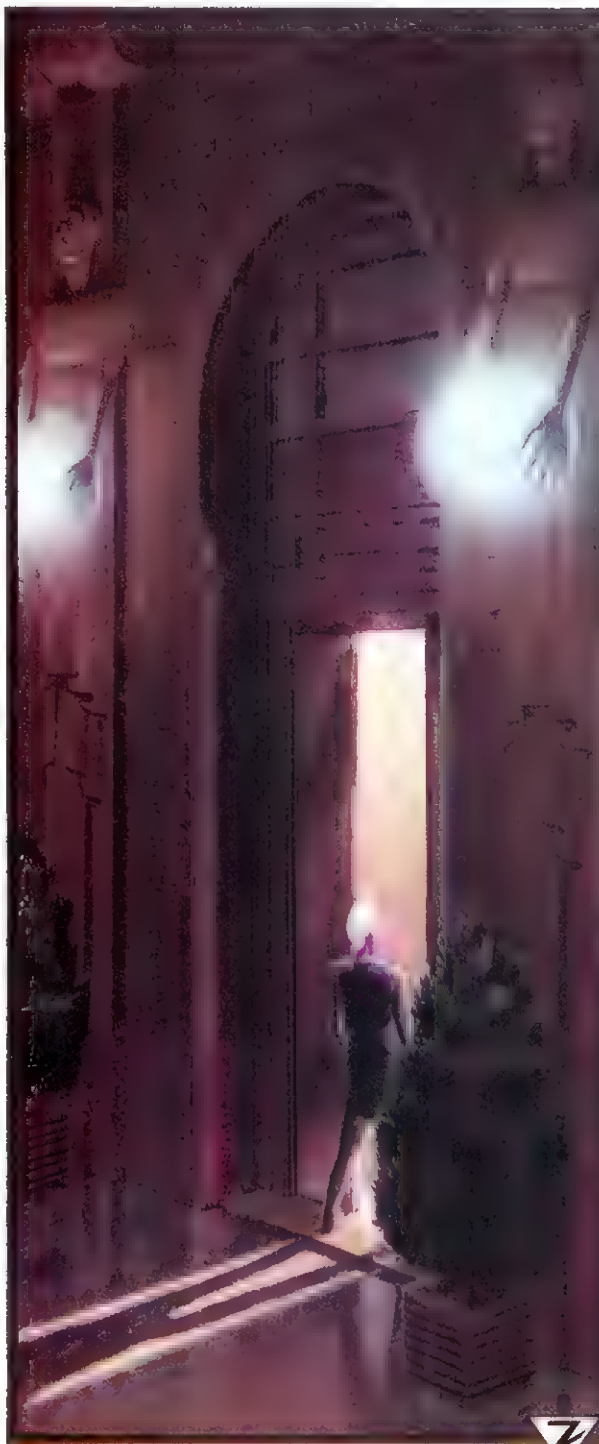
TWO WEEKS LATER, ON THE QUIET TERRACE
AT THE MONGO.



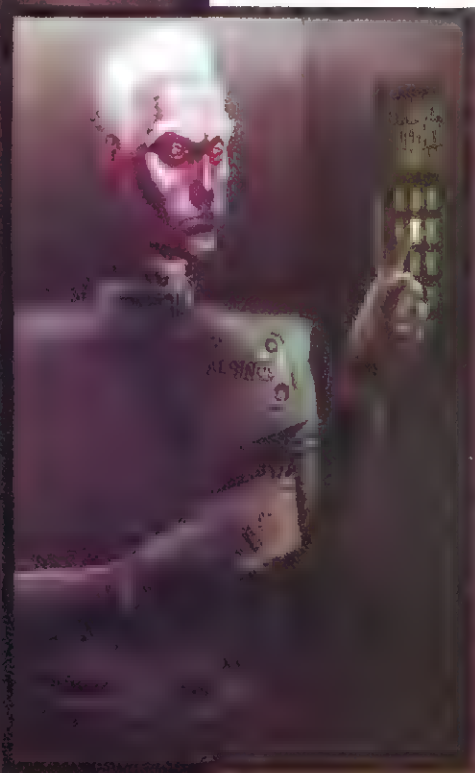


TO BE CONTINUED, GAMESBY





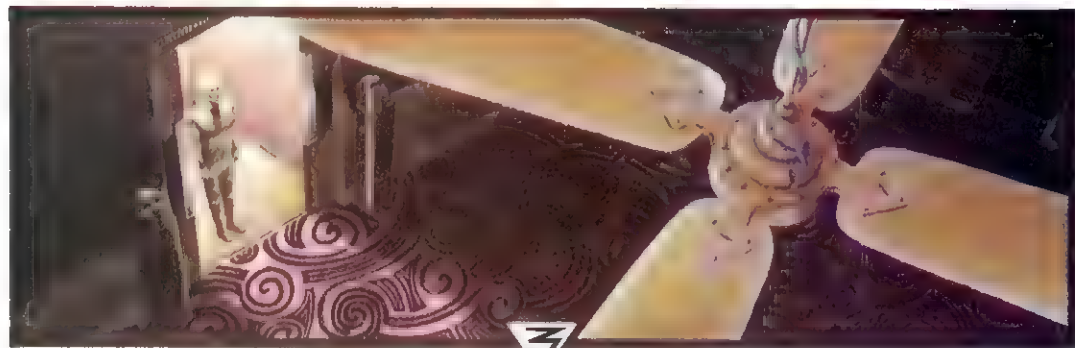
YOU ARE REQUESTED TO APPEAR IN
THE COURT OF ASSIZES, IN FRONT
OF THE SPECIAL EBONY COURT FOR
THE LOWER-SERAALIO, AT THE
14TH LEVEL OF THE PALACE.

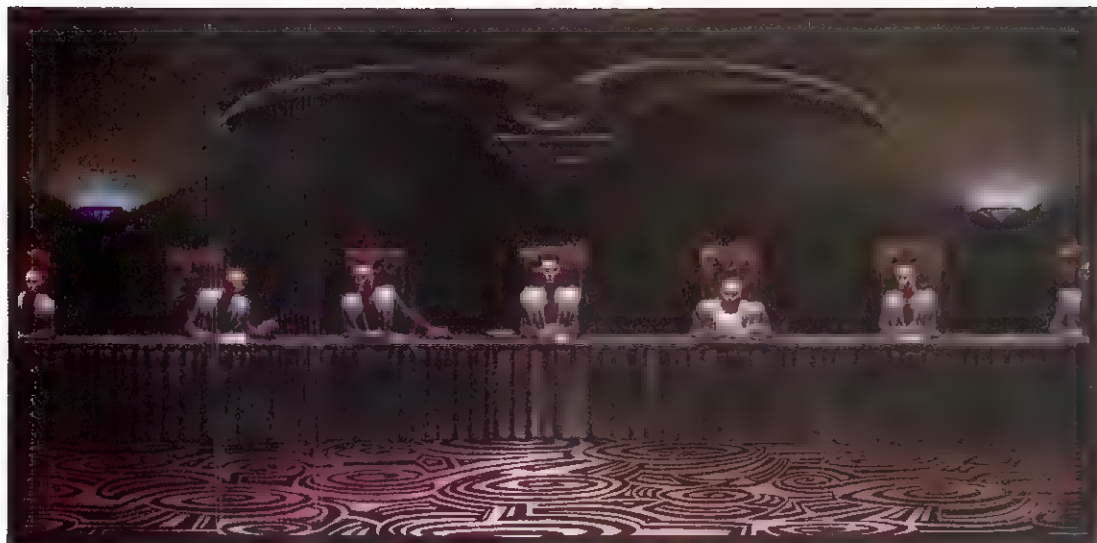


1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24

ANYTHING YOU SAY, FROM THIS
MOMENT ONWARDS, COULD BE HELD
AGAINST YOU. EVERY ATTEMPT TO
HIDE FROM JUSTICE WILL BE IN
VAIN, AND WILL ONLY AGGRAVATE
YOUR CHARGE.

AN ARREST IN DUE FORM. I
WAS FORCED TO GIVE MYSELF
OVER TO THE JUDGES, MY HEAD
BOWED, MY WRISTS AND ANKLES
BOUND JUST LIKE A HUNTED
DEER, WITHOUT KNOWING
WHAT CRIME I WAS BEING
ACCUSED OF.

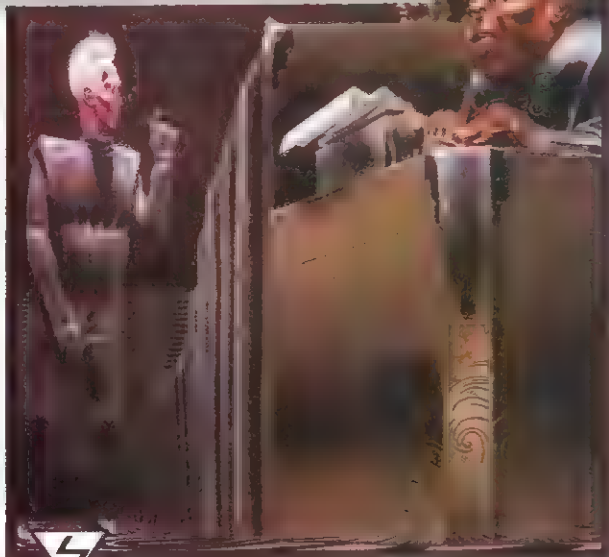




ALBINOS BESS DOS, YOU ARE BEING CHARGED WITH VOLUNTARY
MANSLAUGHTER, ON THE PERSON OF A MAGISTRATE OF THE HIGH
EBONY COURT.



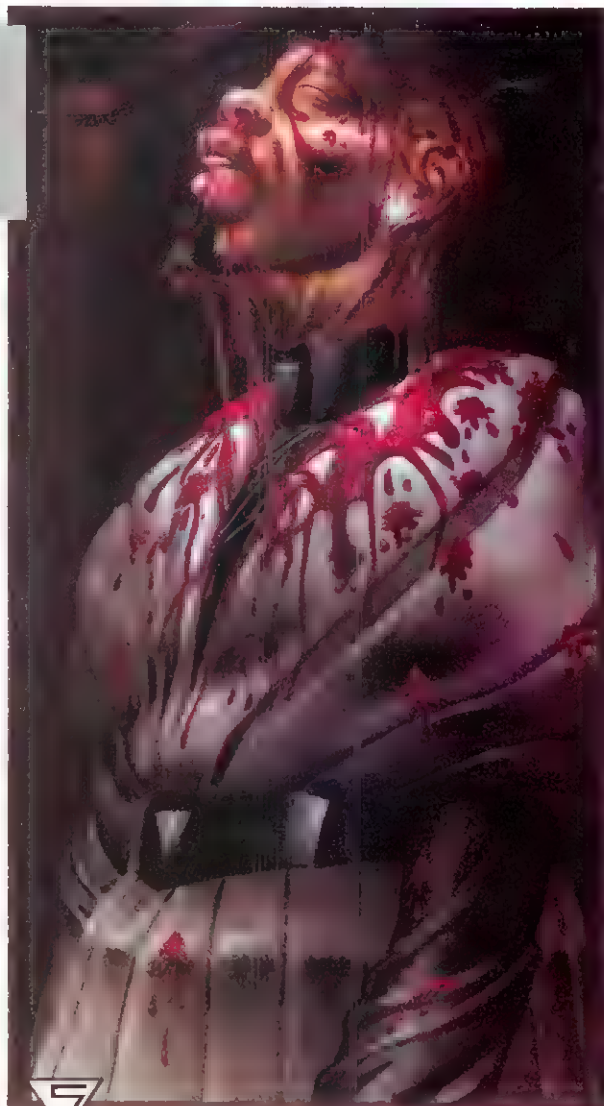
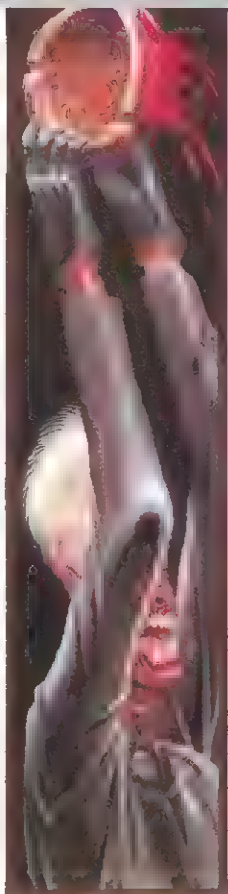
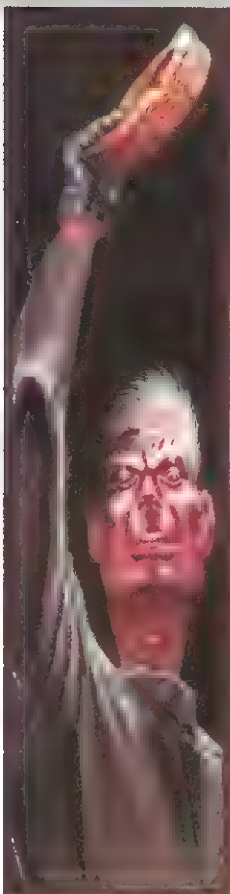
WHAT??! HEY, JUST A MINUTE, YOU LIAR!! I
HAVE NEVER HURT ANYONE. WHAT DO YOU
MEAN BY THIS?! THIS IS ANTI-ALBINISM OF
THE FIRST DEGREE!!!

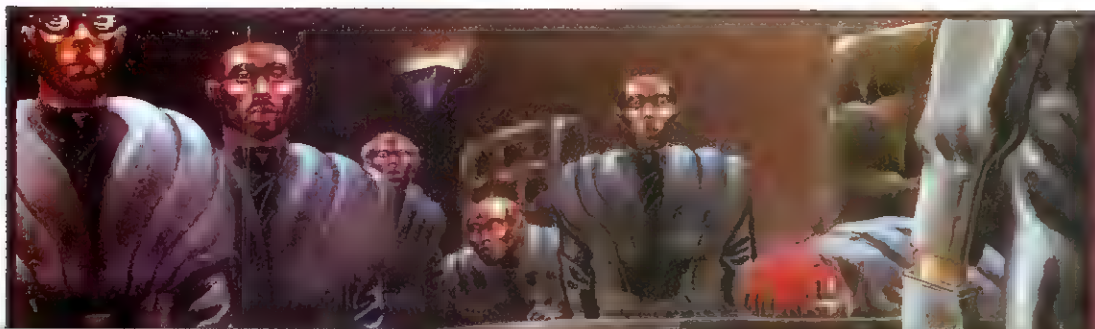


YOU'RE CRAZY!... THIS IS A SET UP!... AND
MAYBE, SINCE YOU'RE SO KNOWLEDGEABLE,
YOU'RE GOING TO TELL ME THIS JADE ASH-
TRAY IS THE MURDER WEAPON.



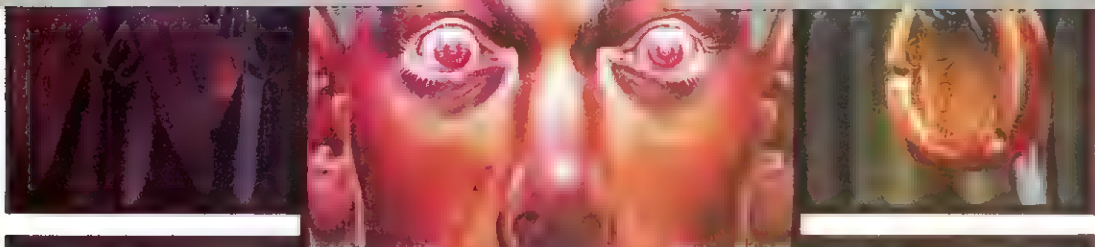
ACCORDING TO OUR LAWS, WITH NO FURTHER
DELIBERATION AND IN COMPLETE AGREEMENT,
THIS COURT DECLARES THE ACCUSED, ALBINO,
GUILTY AND CONDEMNED TO "BODY-CRUSHING"
BY IMMEDIATE DEFENESTRATION





UNDENIABLE BUILT, INESCAPABLE
DEFENESTRATION? HIS NOSTRILS
INHALED...

...THE FRESH MORNING BREEZE AND THE
SMELL OF THE TARMAX, WHICH BECAME
MORE AND MORE OPPRESSIVE.



IF THE GODS DON'T ACCOMPLISH A
MIRACLE BEFORE I HIT BOTTOM...

...I'LL BECOME AN ATHEIST FOR THE
REST OF MY LIFE, I SWEAR IT...



D E D
FIN

D E U M

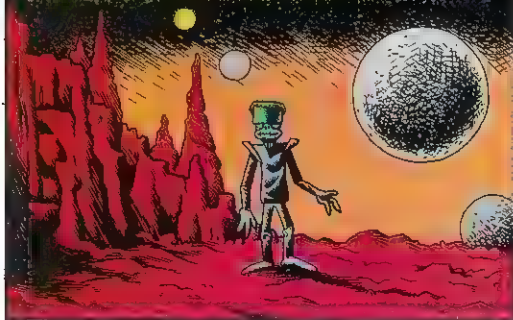
it's NOT a BAD Life

©1984
J.D.KING

MEET NYRG GLEEP



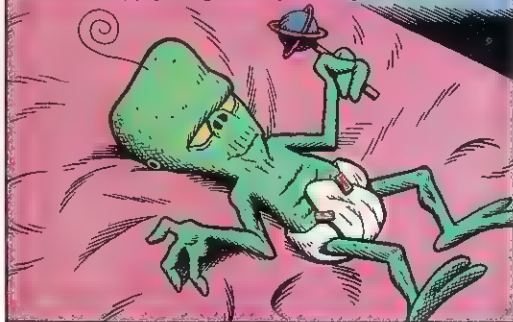
HE LIVES ON CENTAURI IV



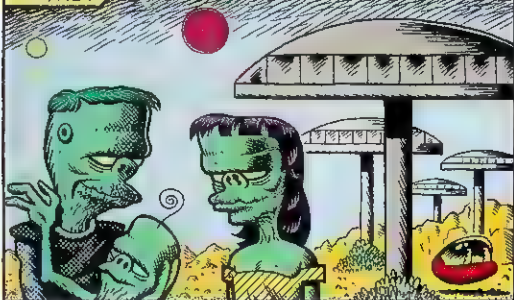
WITH HIS LOVELY WIFE VREEP...



AND THEIR BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER VROOP.



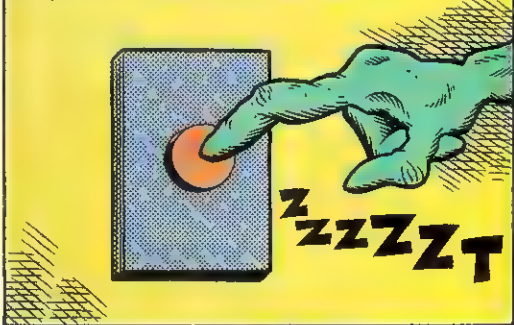
THE 3 OF THEM LIVE IN THEIR OWN NEW HOME.

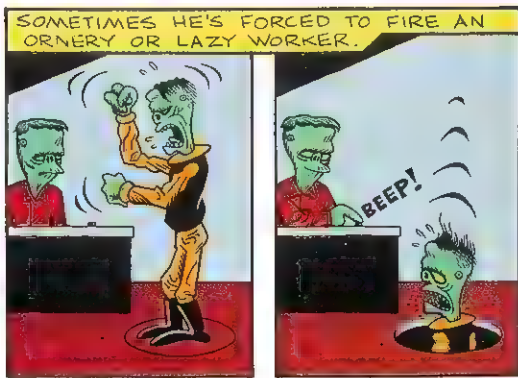
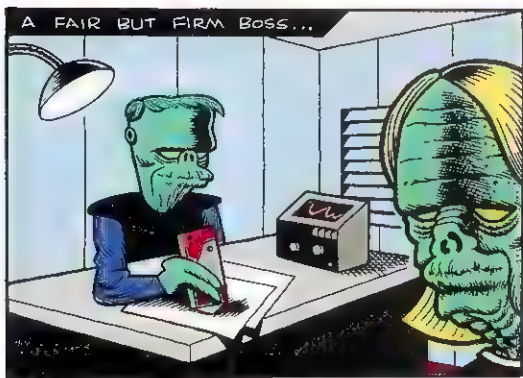
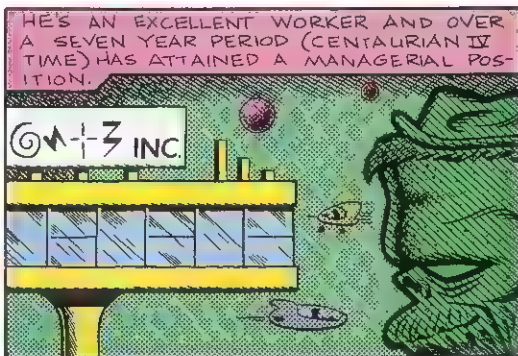
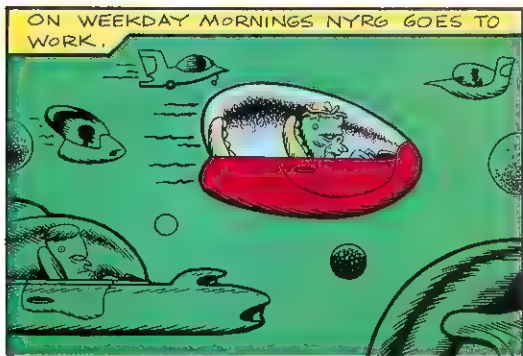
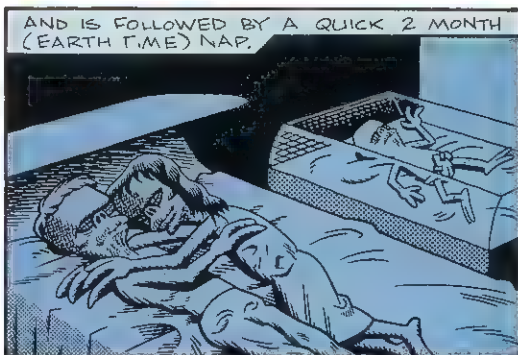
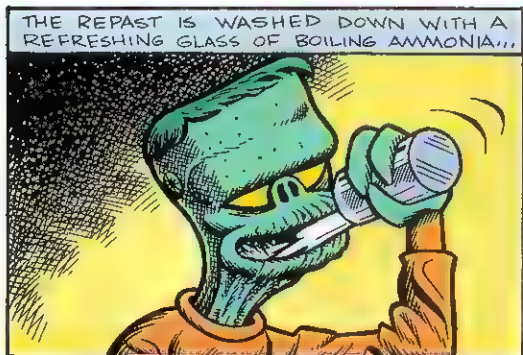
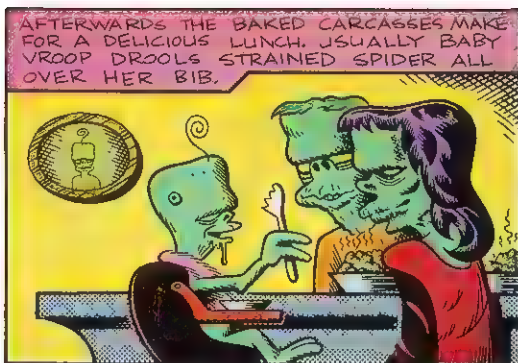
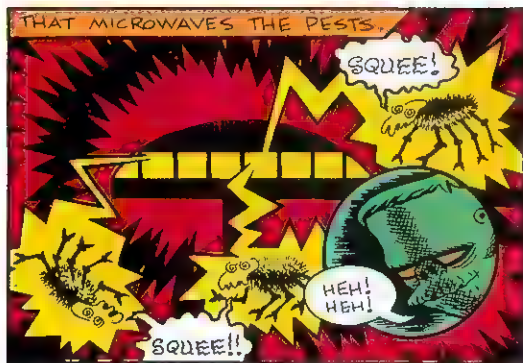


THEY HAVE THE OCCASIONAL HAZARDS OF EVERYDAY LIFE TO CONTEND WITH SUCH AS INVASIONS OF GIANT, GREEN, SUBTERRANEAN SPIDERS.

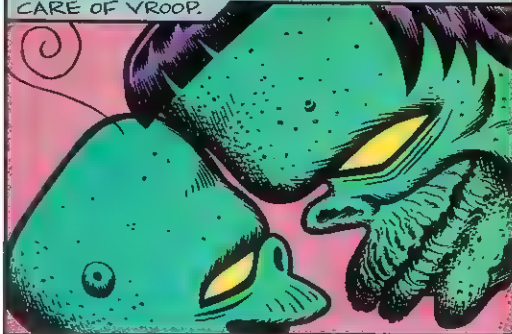


BUT THESE DAYS ALL HOUSES ARE EQUIPPED WITH A BUTTON...





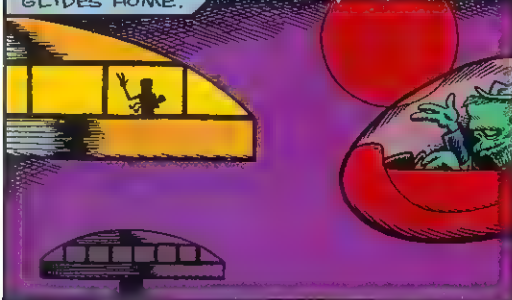
WHILE NYRG IS AT WORK VREEP TAKES CARE OF VROOP.



AS EVENING APPROACHES THEY WAIT BY THE WINDOW FOR NYRG.



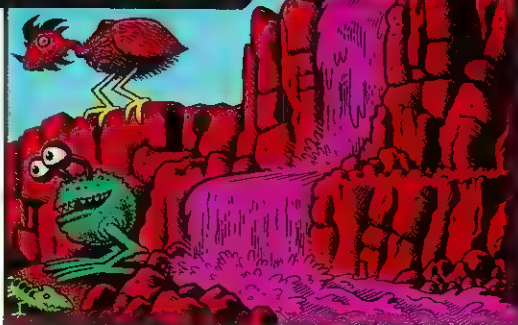
A BLOOD ORANGE SUN BURNS IN THE PURPLE SKY AS THE SPOTY RED SAUCER GLIDES HOME.



WEEKENDS FIND THE GLEEPS RELAXING AT HOME...



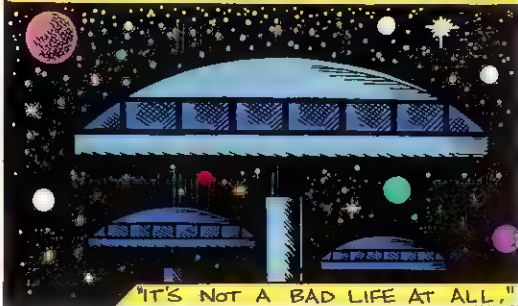
OR EXPLORING SOME OF CENTAURI IV'S NATURAL SPLENDORS.



SOMETIMES LATE AT NIGHT, WHEN HIS FAMILY IS ASLEEP AND THE HOUSE IS QUIET, NYRG LIES AWAKE WONDERING ABOUT LIFE. HE WONDERS ABOUT THE EXISTENCE OF LIFE ON OTHER PLANETS SOMEWHERE FAR AWAY, AND HE WONDERS ABOUT LIFE AFTER DEATH.



AND HE REFLECTS ON HIS LIFE AND HE THINKS TO HIMSELF, "IT'S NOT A BAD LIFE."



The Old Chain-Whipper

and Rhonda

TUEX ARCANA

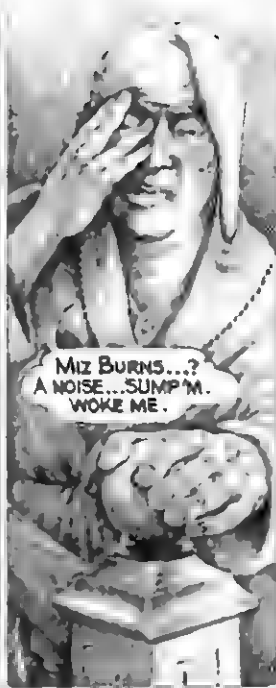
Meets the Toast of Europe Part 17

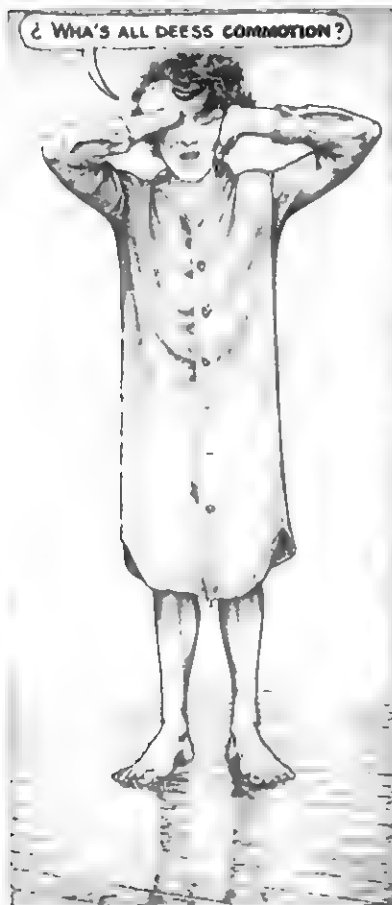
DO YOU BELIEVE ME, DEAR READER? RHONDA HAS SEEN FIT TO GO OUT, ABANDONING US TO THE RUES AND RIGORS OF THIS COLDEST AND DARKEST HOUR OF THE NIGHT! O, WEARISOME WENCH! AND, YET, THERE IS COMFORT AND WARMTH TO BE FOUND (HOWEVER VICARIOUSLY) IN ONE OF THE COZY BEDCHAMBERS ABOVE THE NOOSE AND GIBNET SALOON.



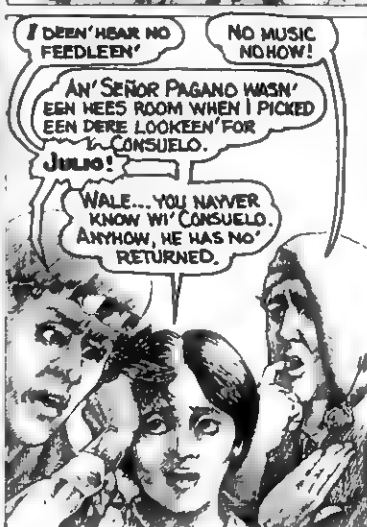
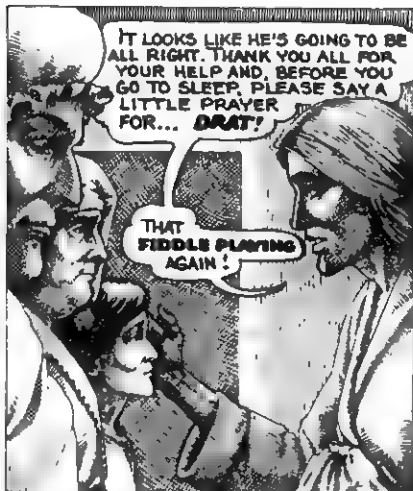


MEANWHILE, ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN,
AT THE WIDOW BURNS'S BOARDING HOUSE...

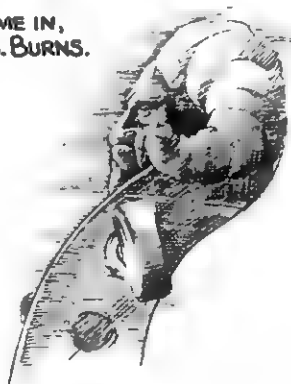




LATER...

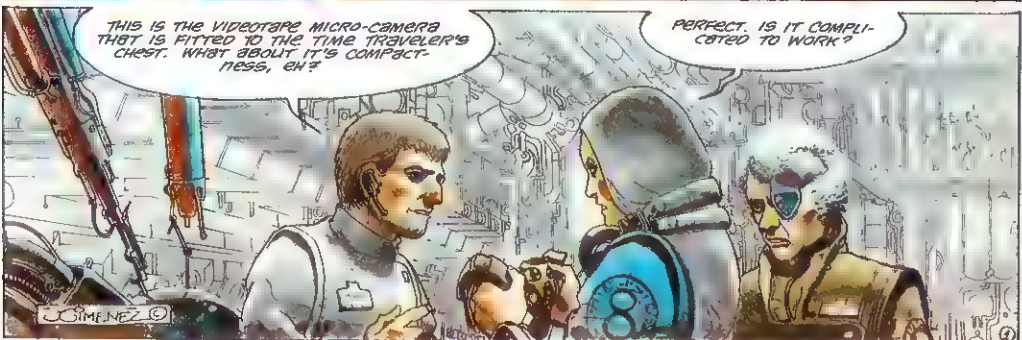
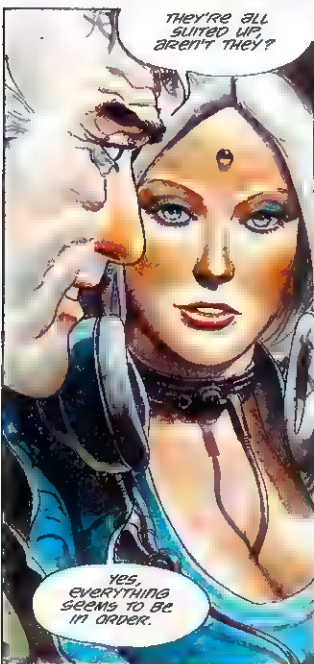


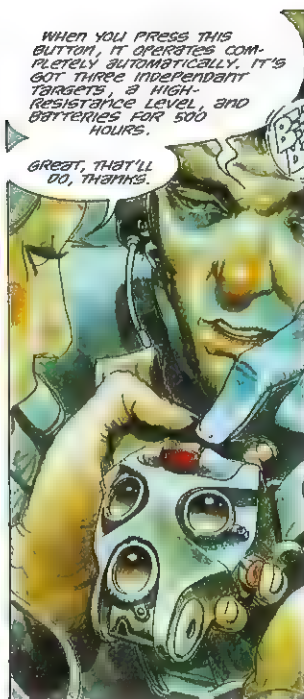
COME IN,
MRS. BURNS.



TO BE CONTINUED

A MATTER OF TIME: CHRONOLOGY by Juan Gimenez





When you press this button, it operates completely automatically. It's got three independent targets, a high-resistance level, and batteries for 500 hours.

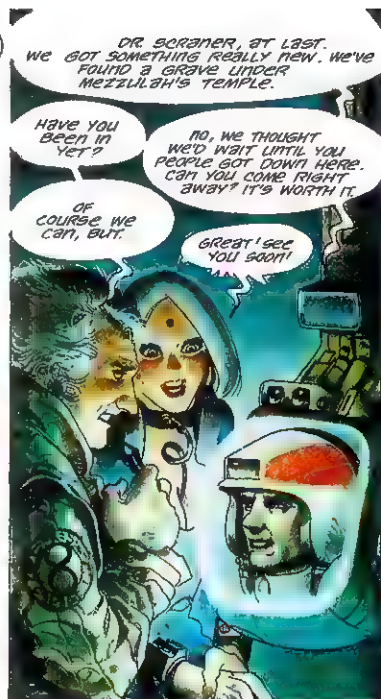
GREAT, THAT'LL DO, THANKS.



DR. SCRAPER! AN URGENT CALL FROM ANKARA. PROFESSOR HANÇELAKES IS ON THE PHONE.

COMING.

WE CAN TALK TO HIM HERE ON THIS LEVEL.



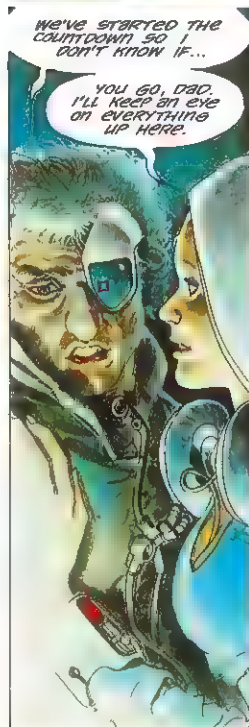
DR. SCRAPER, AT LAST. WE GOT SOMETHING REALLY NEW. WE'VE FOUND A GRAVE UNDER MEZZULAH'S TEMPLE.

HAVE YOU BEEN IN YET?

NO, WE THOUGHT WE'D WAIT UNTIL YOU PEOPLE GOT DOWN HERE. CAN YOU COME RIGHT AWAY? IT'S WORTH IT.

OF COURSE WE CAN, BUT.

GREAT! SEE YOU SOON!



WE'VE STARTED THE COUNTDOWN. GO. DON'T KNOW IF...

YOU GO, DAD. I'LL KEEP AN EYE ON EVERYTHING UP HERE.



FINE. I'LL BE WAITING FOR YOU AT THE ANKARA SITUATION. LET'S SAY 480 HOURS OVER AND OUT.

WAIT, I....

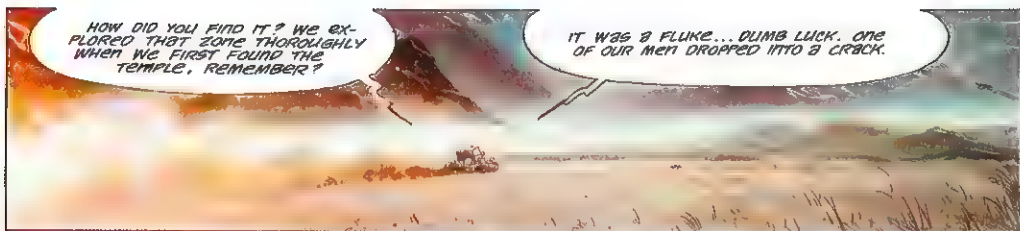


EASY, DAD. YOU'VE GOT 24 HOURS TO FLY THERE AND COME BACK AGAIN. BESIDES, THE GENERATORS ARE STILL ONLY AT HALF THEIR CAPACITY.

THANKS, FREDDY, BUT YOU MUST PROMISE ME NOT TO ENGAGE IT BEFORE I GET BACK.

OKAY. HURRY NOW.



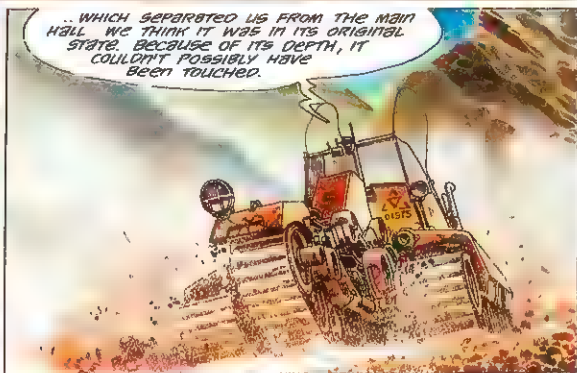


HOW DID YOU FIND IT? WE EXPLORED THAT ZONE THOROUGHLY WHEN WE FIRST FOUND THE TEMPLE, REMEMBER?

IT WAS A FLUKE... DUMB LUCK. ONE OF OUR MEN DROPPED INTO A CRACK.



WHEN WE FISHED HIM OUT, WE FOUND A CHAMBER ABOUT A HUNDRED FEET DOWN. WE ONLY NEEDED TO PERFORATE A WALL...



...WHICH SEPARATED US FROM THE MAIN HALL. WE THINK IT WAS IN ITS ORIGINAL STATE. BECAUSE OF ITS DEPTH, IT COULDN'T POSSIBLY HAVE BEEN TOUCHED.



AND SO, THE MASTODON IS READY TO GO?

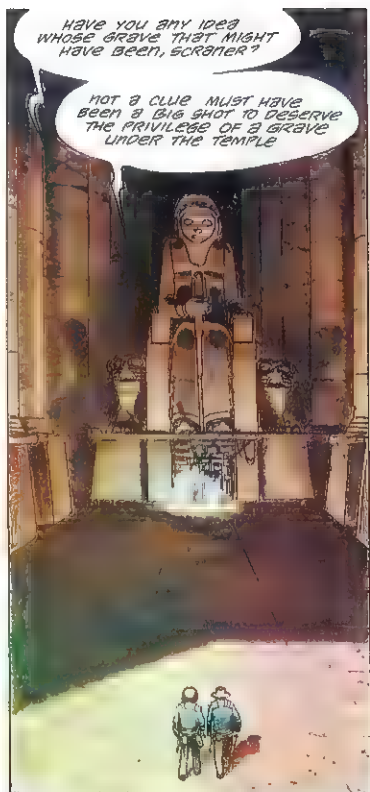
ALMOST
THERE ARE STILL SOME LAST MINUTE CHECKS TO BE MADE
FREDDY WILL HAVE IT READY BY THE TIME I GET BACK.



SO, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE TEMPLE, SIR?

A PURE MARVEL, MARCELAES. YOU'VE DONE AN INCREDIBLE RESTORATION JOB.





HAVE YOU ANY IDEA
WHOSE GRAVE THAT MIGHT
HAVE BEEN, SCRANER?

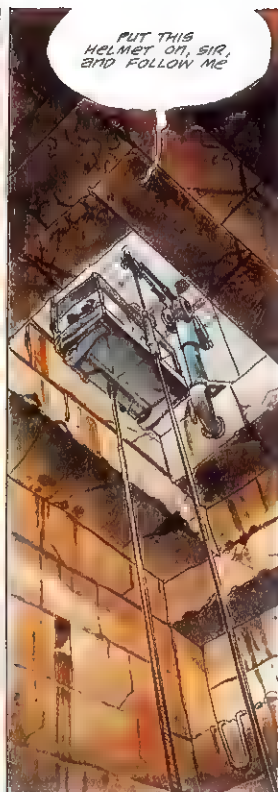
NOT A CLUE MUST HAVE
BEEN A BIG SHOT TO DESERVE
THE PRIVILEGE OF A GRAVE
UNDER THE TEMPLE



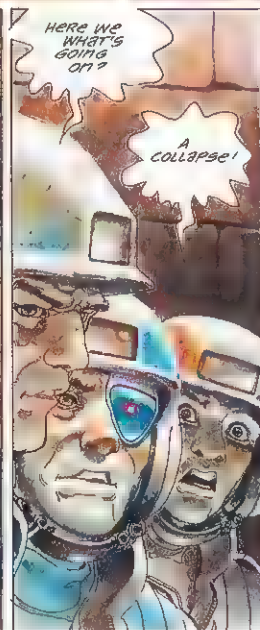
JOAN, THIS IS DR
SCRANER, WHO DISCOVERED
MEZZULAH

MY PLEASURE, SIR
WE'VE BEEN EXPECTING
YOU. YOU CAN GO DOWN
RIGHT AWAY, IF
YOU'D LIKE

THEN
LET'S



PUT THIS
HELMET ON, SIR,
AND FOLLOW ME

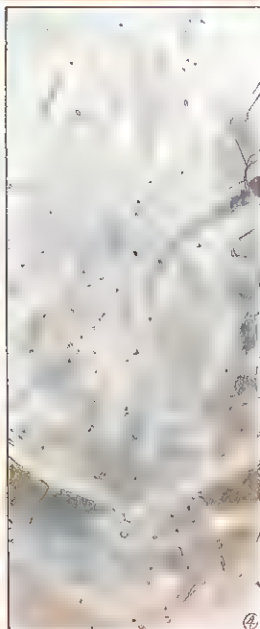


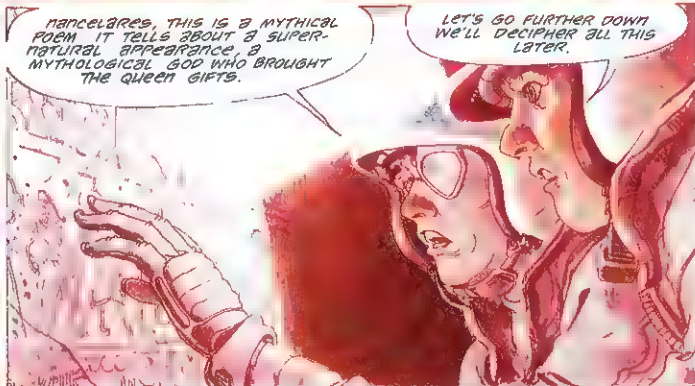
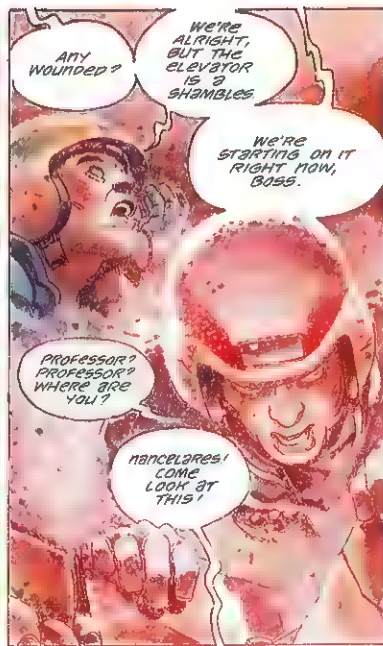
HERE WE
WHAT'S
GOING
ON?

A
COLLAPSE!

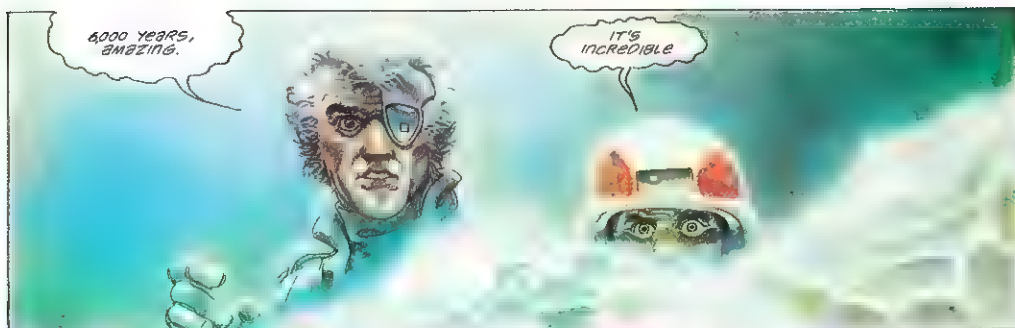


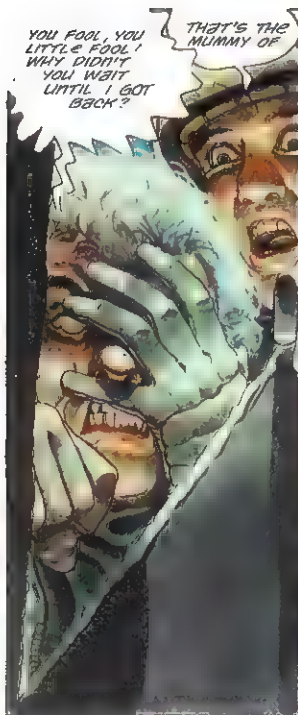
LOOK OUT!
PROTECT
YOUR FACE!











YOU FOOL, YOU
LITTLE FOOL!
WHY DIDN'T
YOU WAIT
UNTIL I GOT
BACK?

THAT'S THE
MUMMY OF



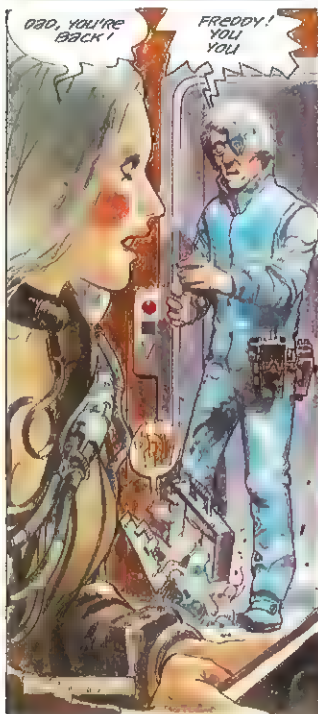
FREDDY!!!



THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT. THEY
MUST HAVE THOUGHT HER A SUPER-
NATURAL BEING... A GODDESS OF
WISDOM AND BEAUTY.

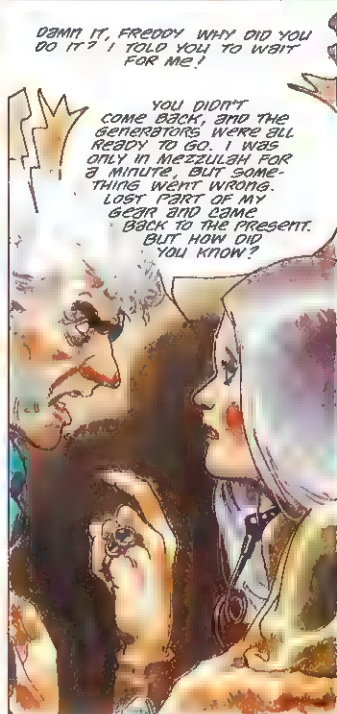
hancelares!
DR SCRABNER! WE
HAVE ANOTHER 24 HOURS
IN HERE

MY
LITTLE
FREDDY



DAD, YOU'RE
BACK!

FREDDY!
YOU
YOU



DAMN IT, FREDDY WHY DID YOU
DO IT? I TOLD YOU TO WAIT
FOR ME!

YOU DIDN'T
COME BACK, AND THE
GENERATORS WERE ALL
READY TO GO. I WAS
ONLY IN MEZZULAH FOR
A MINUTE, BUT SOME-
THING WENT WRONG.
LOST PART OF MY
GEAR AND CAME
BACK TO THE PRESENT.
BUT HOW DID
YOU KNOW?



BUT... YOU... YOU WERE A
HITTITE QUEEN... THERE WAS A
MUMMY... IT LOOKED JUST LIKE
YOU... 6,000 YEARS AGO...
OH, FORGET IT

BY THE
WAY, THIS IS
YOURS.

END

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

#2/MAY '77: Russian astronauts, "Conquering Armies," the ultimate rock festival, and more.

#3/JUNE '77: Macedo's "Rockblitz," highly praised "Shells," beginning of Davis's "World Apart," Moebius, Corben, Bodé, more.

#4/JULY '77: Lots of Moebius: "Arch," "The Long Tomorrow"; conclusion of "Sunpot."

#5/AUGUST '77: "Polonius" begins, "The Long Tomorrow" concludes, and "World Apart" and "Den" continue.

#6/SEPTEMBER '77: Roger Zelazny has a short story, and Moebius, a space opera; plus more "World Apart," "Den," and "Polonius."

#7/OCTOBER '77: Fiction by Theodore Sturgeon, Moebius's "Airtight Garage," "Den" and "Polonius" back again.

#8/NOVEMBER '77: New Harlan Ellison fiction, 9 color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud, conclusions for "Polonius" and "World Apart."

#9/DECEMBER '77: Extra pages for the complete "Vuzz," by Druiellet, "Fortune's Fool," by Chaykin and Wein, plus full-color Corben, Macedo, Claveloux, and Moebius.

#10/JANUARY '78: Morrow illustrates Zelazny, Lob and Pichard update *Ulysses*, "Conquering Armies" concludes, "Den" continues.

#11/FEBRUARY '78: New adventures of "Barbarella," cover and center spread by Nino, plus Moebius and Corben.

#12/MARCH '78: Gray Morrow's swashbuckling "Orion" debuts; more "Barbarella," "Urm," and "Den."

#13/APRIL '78: Our 1st anniversary issue! A 30-page insert from "Paradise 9," "Barbarella" gives birth, while "Den" wraps it up.

#14/MAY '78: "Urm the Mad" waves bye-bye, but "Orion" and "Barbarella" continue, and Alex Nino tips his hat.

#15/JUNE '78: Corben introduces Shahrazad. Sturgeon's classic "More Than Human" is illustrated, more "Barbarella," and the origins of "Heilman."

#16/JULY '78: A happy ending for "Barbarella," a sad ending for "1996," resumption of Druiellet's "Gail," more "Heilman," "Orion," "More Than Human," and Corben's "Arabian Nights."

#19/OCTOBER '78: "Exterminator 17," Ellison's illustrated "Glass Goblin," debut of McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous."

#20/NOVEMBER '78: Twenty pages of the Delany/Chaykin "Empire," more "Sindbad," "Exterminator," Major Grubert, "Heilman" 's final rebirth, more.



#21/DECEMBER '78: The stocking's full with "Orion," Kirchner's "Tarot," and 12 beautiful pages of Moebius.

#22/JANUARY '79: Trina debuts and Druiellet concludes "Gail," plus McKie and Corben.

#23/FEBRUARY '79: "Galactic Geographic," "Starcrown," Corben's "Sindbad," McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous."

#24/MARCH '79: Twenty pages of Chaykin illustrating Bester's "The Stars My Destination," "Starcrown" II, and Ellison's late show.

#29/AUGUST '79: Caza steals show with "New Ark City," plus May-erik, Suydam, "Galactic Geographic," Bodé, more.

#30/SEPTEMBER '79: "Elric," "Buck Rogers," a lizard named "Elvis," and "Little Red V-3," alongside Montellier and Moebius.

#31/OCTOBER '79: A Halloween tribute to H. P. Lovecraft, with Moebius, Breccia, Druiellet, Suydam, others.

#32/NOVEMBER '79: Corben's "Rowlf," Bodé's "Zooks," Brunner's "Elric," Chaykin's "The Stars My Destination," Moebius, and more.

#33/DECEMBER '79: A Christmas package from Caza, Corben, Kofod, Suydam, Stiles, Trina, Moebius, and Ellison, plus "Gnomes" and "Giants."

#35/FEBRUARY '80: An eerie Gouratin cover adorns this issue. Corben's "The Beast of Wolfport" begins, McKie experiments with the Air Pump, and we join Matt Howarth on a crazed acid trip.

#36/MARCH '80: Why did "The Crevasse" take Jeannette? Read the Schuiten strip! Plus: Corben, Matena, Moebius, and Lee Marrs' "Good Vibrations."

#37/APRIL '80: Our 3rd anniversary issue—32 pages of "Champakou" in living color, final installment of Moebius's "Airtight Garage," plus Caza, Bilal, Howarth, Corben, Bodé—and more!

#38/MAY '80: Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Axle ever find out? Will "Champakou" reach the Doll of Jade? Will Joe strike out with the alien Marilyn, too?

#39/JUNE '80: "Champakou" meets his fate, while "Captain Stern" saves the day. And it's the Flying Wallendas vs. Earth!

#41/AUGUST '80: Druiellet returns with "Salammbo" while Moebius concludes "Shore Leave" (and is interviewed). Bilal continues "Progress!"

#42/SEPTEMBER '80: "The Alchemist Supreme" concludes while Bilal's "Progress!" picks up steam. Ernie Colon, Paul Kirchner, Leo Duranona contribute nifty shorts, while "Rock Opera" gets stranger.

#49/APRIL '81: Corben's "Blood-star," Giménez's "Good-bye, Soldier!," Harry North's "Stories from London," and an interview with Julio Ribera.

#50/MAY '81: Premiers of Chaykin's "Cody Starbuck" and Bilal's "The Immortals' Fête!" Plus: Suydam's "The Toll Bridge" and William S. Burroughs on immortality.

#51/JUNE '81: The 1st part of the Richard Corben interview, Jim Steranko's adaptation of *Outland* premieres, Howarth's "Changes" winds up. Plus: Caza, Chaykin, Crepax, and Workman!

#56/NOVEMBER '81: Jeronaton's "Egg of the World," Jeff Jones, Segrelles, and Bilal all frame the art of Leo and Diane Dillon beautifully.

#58/JANUARY '82: Our "Happy Future" issue. Includes Arno, Loustal, Voss, Hé, and Gillon; and "The Autonomous Man," all surrounded by Chaykin and Simonson, Segrelles, and Steranko.

#59/FEBRUARY '82: The further adventures of John Difool in "The Incal Light." Wein and Chaykin's "Gideon Faust" gets going—again. Plus Fernandez, Jones, Schuiten.

#60/MARCH '82: 2nd Special Rock Issue featuring Dick Matena's "A Life in the Day," a surrealistic look at the life of John Lennon. Luis Garcia's "Nova 2" begins. Plus "Mercenary," "Den," "Rock Opera," etc.

#61/APRIL '82: 5th anniversary issue offers a variety of material. What with Claveloux, Druiellet, Moebius, Bilal, and an essay on J. G. Ballard, you'll be busy until our 6th!

#62/MAY '82: The 1st part of David Black's "Third Sexual Revolution." "The Art of De Es Schwerberger." Plus: "Sixteen and Vanilla" by Ted White and Val Lakey

#63/JUNE '82: Fantastic Cities issue, with artists Voss, Caza, Sci-belli, and R. Crumb, all surrounded by regulars: Drulilet, Moebius, Schuiten, and Fernandez.

#64/JULY '82: Marcelle and Lacombe's strange "Life at the Circus" and pages from Corben's *Flights into Fantasy*. Plus Jones, Garcia, and Drulilet.



#65/AUGUST '82: Jones and Wrightson's "Freak Show" and Pisu and Manara's "The Ape." Plus the finale of "The Incal Light" by Moebius and Jodorowsky.

#66/SEPTEMBER '82: Hecht's "Music-Video Interface," Lupoff's "Barroom!" and Hinge's "Object." Plus our regulars: Bilal, Fernandez, Kierkegaard.

#67/OCTOBER '82: You'll have Scary Dreams after reading our special horror section. Everything from Eddie Poe to the weirdest phobias possible. Don't read it alone! P.S.: Last part of Black's "Third Sexual Revolution."

#68/NOVEMBER '82: Part 1 of Kaluta's "Starstruck." Findley's "Tex Arcana" continues as does "Den II" and Drulilet's "Yragel." Plus: a peek at Wrightson's *National Lampoon's Class Reunion*.

#69/DECEMBER '82: A Will Stone Gallery, the return of Suydam's "Mudwig," and Mark Fisher's "Amino Men." Plus Corben, Fernandez, and Kierkegaard.

#70/JANUARY '83: The strange conclusion to Wrightson's "Freak Show," a look at *The Dark Crystal*, and regulars Manara, Corben, Fernandez, etc.

#71/FEBRUARY '83: The making of the film *The Entity*, Kim Deitch's *Eating Raoul*, and regulars Corben, Kaluta, Crepax, etc.

#72/MARCH '83: We bid a fond farewell to Den and Kath, and a warm welcome to Bilal's "City that Didn't Exist." A Gallery on Robert Williams, plus Manara, Kaluta and more.

#73/APRIL '83: Moebius's "The Twinkle in Fildegar's Eye," and Sauri's "The Odyssey," along with Kaluta, Crepax, and Workman.

#75/JUNE '83: Corben's "Doomscult," the end of Kaluta's "Starstruck" from Harlem, and a peek at the 3-D science fiction thriller, *Spacehunter*.

#76/JULY '83: Liberatore's "Ranxerox," the end of Crepax's "Starstruck" (for the time being), an interview with Dan O'Bannon and a glimpse at Ray Bradbury's *Dinosaur Tales*.

#77/AUGUST '83: Arno and Jodorowsky's "The Small Earthworm" debuts. Gimenez's "A Matter of Time" appears, and Captain Beefheart is interviewed, all behind a beautiful Greg Hildebrandt cover

#78/SEPTEMBER '83: An exclusive interview with Francis Ford Coppola! Plus a Gallery look at the art of Rowena Morrill and the conclusions of "Zora" and "The City that Didn't Exist."

#79/OCTOBER '83: Timothy Leary! Enki Bilal! Pepe Moreno! Walter Hill! Rocky and Bullwinkle!! A great issue!

#80/NOVEMBER '83: A spirited talk with Will Eisner, along with a Spirit story. Plus Crepax's "Valentina the Pirate." Enjoy.

#81/DECEMBER '83: Ranxerox bows out. Valentina comes on strong. Artist Liberatore is interviewed. Lots more!

#82/JANUARY '84: Part one of David Blacks vampire memoirs. Plus "Ranxerox in New York," and a peek at Arthur Clarke's *The Sentinel*.

#83/FEBRUARY '84: Douglas Trumbull talks. John DiFool returns. And David Black's *My Vampires* comes to an end.

#84/MARCH '84: Douglas Adams is interviewed. Angus McKie and Charles Burns return. Ranxerox ends his New York adventure.

#85/APRIL '84: A long talk with Roger Corman. Plus Joe Kubert in "Dossier" and Boris Vallejo on the cover.

#86/MAY '84: "The Railways" begins, "Ranxerox" ends, and "The Third Incal" continues. Plus, two "June 2050's for the price of one."



#87/JUNE '84: Slava Tsukerman talks about "Liquid Sky," "Lann" and "The Hunting Party" get started.

#88/JULY '84: Long interviews with funnymen John Cleese and Jerry Lewis. Long-awaited art from Jeronaton.

#89/AUGUST '84: Paul Kantner: *Starship* Captain. Penelope Spheeris: Godmother of Punk. Ed Naha: Good Writer of Bad Movies.

#90/SEPTEMBER '84: The Second Annual HM Music Video Awards. Lou Stathis interviews director David Cronenberg. Plus *Dernier Combat* director Luc Besson is interviewed.

#91/OCTOBER '84: The HM interview with director John Sayles. Caza drops by, and Jeronaton and Bilal continue.

#92/NOVEMBER '84: Schuiten begins, Jeronaton ends, and Paul Kirchner gives us some "Cool." Plus, shock-director John Waters tells us about his morals in the HM interview

#93/DECEMBER '84: HM's 1984 fin with a Federico Fellini interview and a Boris Vallejo Gallery. Plus, Manara's "Author" gets to work.

#94/JANUARY '85: Interview with director Wolfgang Petersen. Liberatore presents his latest, "Sax Blues." And yet another "Marlow-skitz."

Beautiful binders

For \$5.50 you get a white vinyl binder with a picture of a naked girl and a ghoulish monster. Or, the more sophisticated black binder with silver letters, for just \$6.95. Each can be obtained chock full o' back issues (January through December, of 1980, 1982, 1983, and 1984 are \$26.00 each), or empty

Dept. HM 285
635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

Please send me the following:

No. of copies	Issue	Price
_____	White Binder	\$5.50
_____	Black Binder	\$6.95
_____	White with issues (list each year you would like)	\$3.00
_____	Black with issues (list each year you would like)	\$3.00
_____	White with issues (list each year you would like) and Foreign	\$6.95
_____	Black with issues (list each year you would like) and Foreign	\$6.95

I've enclosed a total of \$ _____
This amount covers purchase plus shipping and handling

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Dept. HM 285
635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

Please send me the following:

No. of copies	Issue	Price
_____	May 1977	\$5.00
_____	June 1977	\$5.00
_____	July 1977	\$5.00
_____	Aug. 1977	\$5.00
_____	Sept. 1977	\$5.00
_____	Oct. 1977	\$5.00
_____	Nov. 1977	\$5.00
_____	Dec. 1977	\$5.00
_____	Jan. 1978	\$5.00
_____	Feb. 1978	\$5.00
_____	Mar. 1978	\$5.00
_____	Apr. 1978	\$5.00
_____	May 1978	\$5.00
_____	June 1978	\$5.00
_____	July 1978	\$5.00
_____	Oct. 1978	\$5.00
_____	Nov. 1978	\$5.00
_____	Dec. 1978	\$5.00
_____	Jan. 1979	\$5.00
_____	Feb. 1979	\$5.00
_____	Mar. 1979	\$5.00
_____	July 1979	\$5.00
_____	Aug. 1979	\$5.00
_____	Sept. 1979	\$5.00
_____	Oct. 1979	\$5.00
_____	Nov. 1979	\$5.00
_____	Dec. 1979	\$5.00
_____	Jan. 1980	\$4.00
_____	Feb. 1980	\$4.00
_____	Mar. 1980	\$4.00
_____	Apr. 1980	\$4.00
_____	May 1980	\$4.00
_____	June 1980	\$4.00
_____	Aug. 1980	\$4.00
_____	Sept. 1980	\$4.00
_____	Oct. 1980	\$4.00
_____	Nov. 1980	\$4.00
_____	Jan. 1981	\$4.00
_____	Feb. 1981	\$4.00
_____	Mar. 1981	\$4.00
_____	Apr. 1981	\$4.00
_____	May 1981	\$4.00
_____	June 1981	\$4.00
_____	July 1981	\$4.00
_____	Aug. 1981	\$4.00
_____	Sept. 1981	\$4.00
_____	Oct. 1981	\$4.00
_____	Nov. 1981	\$4.00
_____	Dec. 1981	\$4.00
_____	Jan. 1982	\$4.00
_____	Feb. 1982	\$4.00
_____	Mar. 1982	\$4.00
_____	Apr. 1982	\$4.00
_____	May 1982	\$4.00
_____	June 1982	\$4.00
_____	July 1982	\$4.00
_____	Aug. 1982	\$4.00
_____	Sept. 1982	\$4.00
_____	Oct. 1982	\$4.00
_____	Nov. 1982	\$4.00
_____	Dec. 1982	\$4.00
_____	Jan. 1983	\$3.00
_____	Feb. 1983	\$3.00
_____	Mar. 1983	\$3.00
_____	Apr. 1983	\$3.00
_____	May 1983	\$3.00
_____	June 1983	\$3.00
_____	July 1983	\$3.00
_____	Aug. 1983	\$3.00
_____	Sept. 1983	\$3.00
_____	Oct. 1983	\$3.00
_____	Nov. 1983	\$3.00
_____	Dec. 1983	\$3.00
_____	Jan. 1984	\$3.00
_____	Feb. 1984	\$3.00
_____	Mar. 1984	\$3.00
_____	Apr. 1984	\$3.00
_____	May 1984	\$3.00
_____	June 1984	\$3.00
_____	July 1984	\$3.00
_____	Aug. 1984	\$3.00
_____	Sept. 1984	\$3.00
_____	Oct. 1984	\$3.00
_____	Nov. 1984	\$3.00
_____	Dec. 1984	\$3.00
_____	Jan. 1985	\$3.00

I've enclosed a total of \$ _____
This amount covers purchase plus shipping and handling. All issues are mailed in protective covering

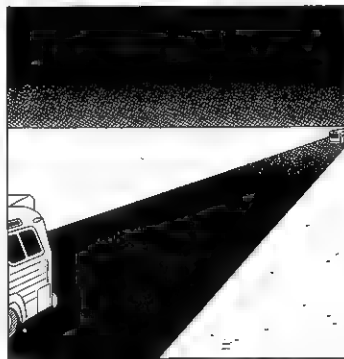
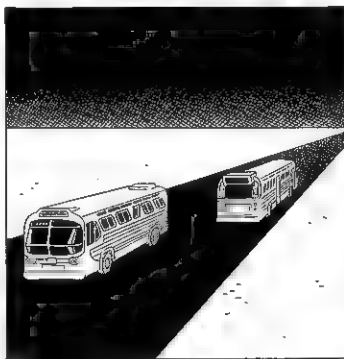
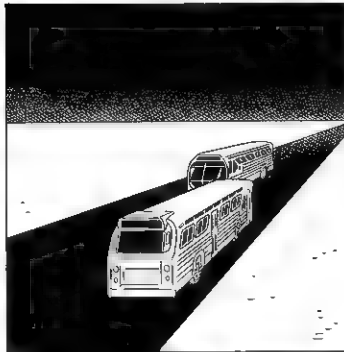
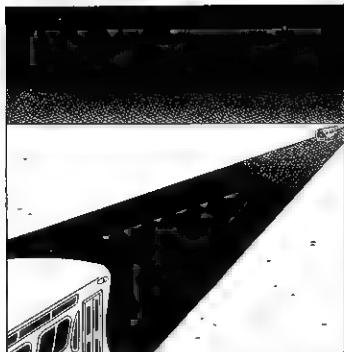
Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

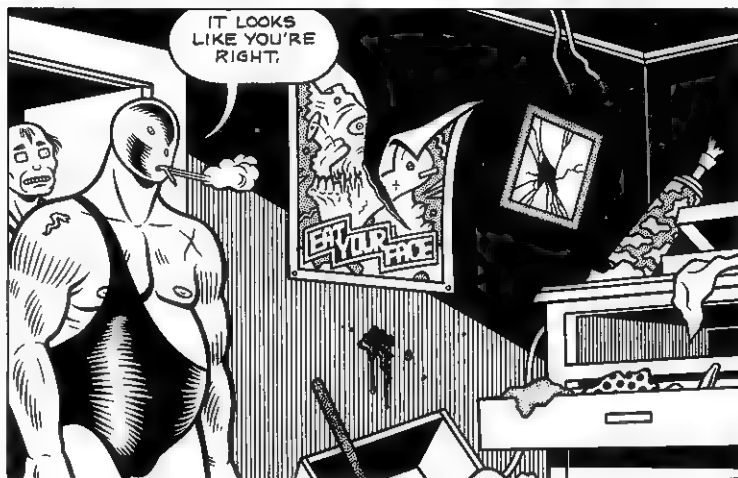
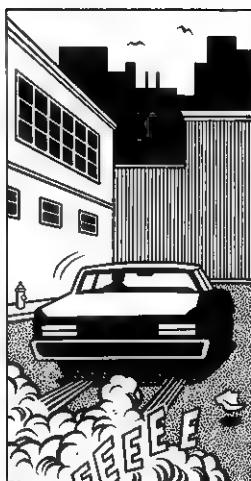
If you do not wish to cut the coupon in this ad, but do wish to order, please print or type all necessary information and enclose it with a check or money order.

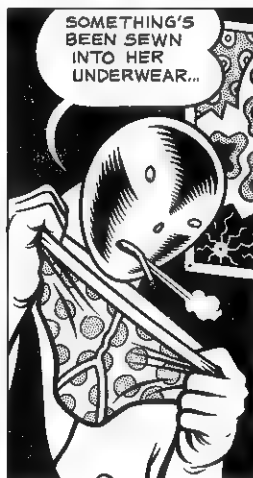


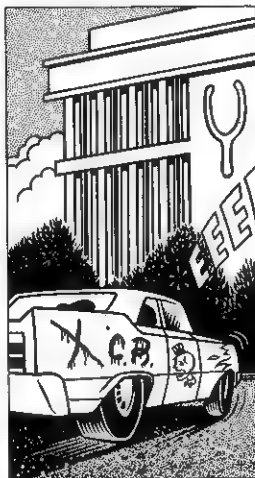
COMING:

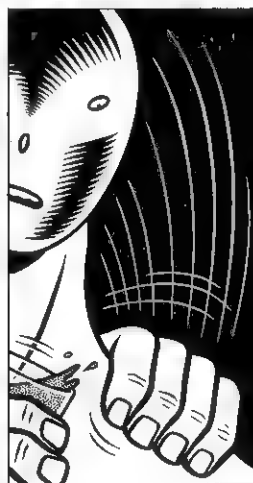
Interview with *Eating Raoul* and *Not for Publication*
director Paul Bartel!

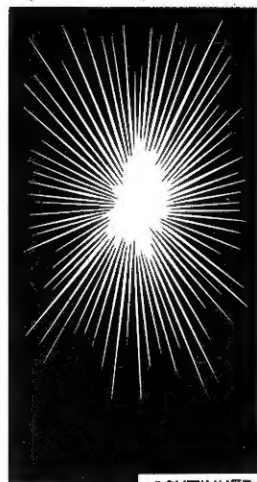
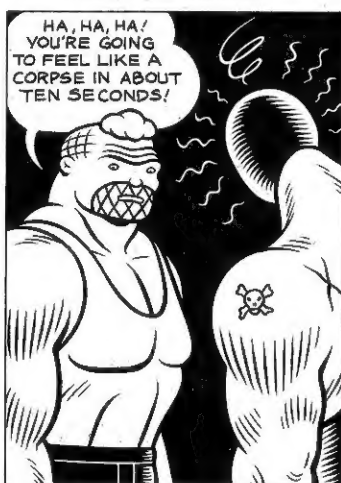
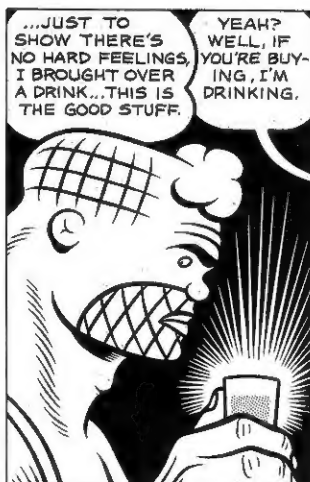












CONTINUED

WE WANT YOUR MONEY



Photo by Michael Renchwich

A Berni Wrightson's **Hanover Fiste** and his ne'er-do-well accomplice **Captain Sternn**. You've seen them in the magazine, you've seen them in the *Heavy Metal* movie, now see them coming and going. This durable four-color cotton **T-shirt** is a must for summer. **\$7.50**.
☐ small ☐ medium ☐ large

B The original **Heavy Metal T-shirt** comes in red and black and is made of cotton-blend. The essential HMT product. **\$7.50**
☐ small ☐ medium
☐ large ☐ red ☐ black

C *Heavy Metal's* pride and joy, our silver, satin-like **jacket**, equipped with a cotton lining, and front pockets, too. Hipper than a Stones '72 tour jacket! **\$36.00**.
☐ small ☐ medium ☐ large

D *Heavy Metal's* phosphorescent **T-shirt**. These all-cotton tees are available in sleeveless or regular style black shirts. Wear it to bed and you won't need a nite-lite to find your way to the bathroom. **\$8.00**
☐ small ☐ medium
☐ large ☐ sleeveless
☐ regular

E Our latest and greatest product—the **Heavy Metal all-cotton sweatshirt**. Wear it to the gym or to your fave dance spot and watch those calories melt away while maintaining your ultrachic image. **\$15.95**.
☐ small ☐ large
☐ medium ☐ ex. large
☐ black ☐ white ☐ grey

You can now smack **Ranxerox's** pretty puss right on your lapel with this handsome **color pin**. **\$5.00**, includes postage and handling. Don't leave home without it!
☐ /Ranxerox pin.



Keep your pants up with a **Heavy Metal belt buckle**. It's 3 1/4" x 2" and will fit any standard belt. Also deflects alien laser guns. **\$10.95**

Check off what you like and how many you want. Include size and color. Add up what it costs. (Add 8 1/4% sales tax if you live in New York State.) Write a check or money order for the total, put it in an envelope with this ad, and send it to:

Heavy Metal, Dept. HM285, 635 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022.

And it would be helpful if we knew your . . .

Name (please print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

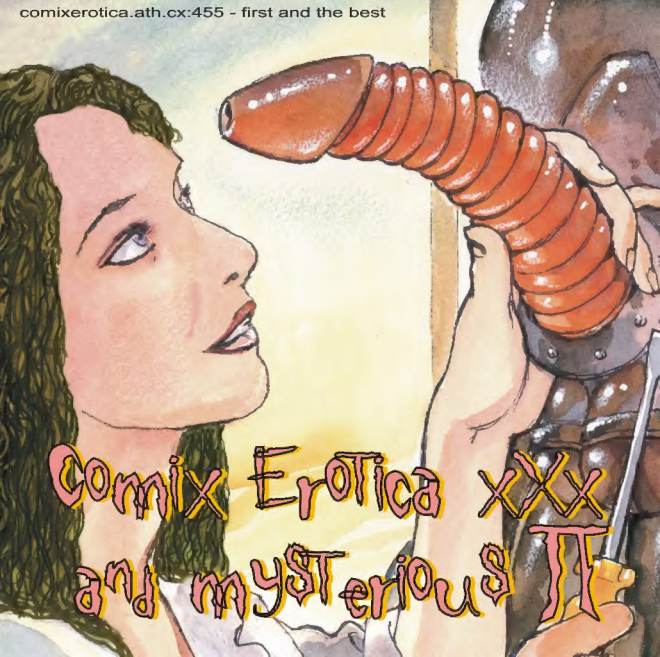
Total amount enclosed \$ _____

All prices above include postage and handling.

If you don't wish to cut the page out, but do wish to order, please print or type all applicable info on a separate piece of paper, and enclose it with a check or money order. After all, you wouldn't take scissors to the Mona Lisa, would you?

Philip José Farmer's *The Grand Adventure* previewed!





Comix Erotica xxx
and mysterious II